RIGHT AGAIN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 129. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 22ND, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 129. WEEK ENDING APRIL 22ND, 1911. ONE PENNY.

TEMPER IN SPORT.

HOW IT SHOWS ITSELF.

The world of sport is one in which, perhaps, the greatest amount of good humour prevails; but, undoubtedly, bad temper is wont to occur now and again. And when it does, it generally raises a mighty laugh among the spectators.

Such an incident was witnessed during the last England *v.* France Rugby match at Twickenham. Lambert had the ball, but seeing himself too well marked, passed; and great was his astonishment when the leather was well out of his possession to find himself clutched in an excitable Gallic embrace. So he cuffed the Frenchman soundly on the head!

Despite the frequent denials made by a certain type of crank cricketer, temper often arises on the cricket field, though, of course, it is always carefully veiled.

There is a prominent county fast bowler (we must not, for obvious reasons, mention his name), who is well known, when he finds the batsmen getting "set" and displaying confidence against his bowling, to bowl as hard as possible at their legs, and occasionally to make the ball bump up playfully and strike the suffering batsman on the head.

BAD LUCK IN SPORT.

TO WHAT IS IT DUE?

It is a strange fact that bad luck consistently dogs the footsteps of many sportsmen and sporting clubs in the same way as it attends the fortunes of a good many theatres; but there is a difference between the two cases. Whereas the bad luck that besets theatres is often to be explained by reason of their unpopular locality, faulty construction, bad management, and so on; on the other hand, misfortune in sport seems hardly ever attributable to any particular reason.

In the football world, for instance, Chelsea have been consistently unlucky in English Cup competitions. For several years they have reached the later stages of the Cup-ties, only to be knocked out by bad luck when a good chance of victory seemed, in the opinion of most people, to be certain.

This year, after reaching the semi-final round, they met with very bad misfortune. All the team were as fit as fiddles, training at Broadstairs, when at the last moment Hilsdon, while running on the cliffs, caught his foot in a hole in the ground and strained his leg so badly as to be prevented from playing. Consequently Chelsea have once more lost their chance, being beaten by Newcastle by three goals to nil.

CHEEK.

"Everybody's Weekly" is advertised as the "paper for people who think." For whom, may I ask, are all the other Harmsworth journals intended?

* * *

"Great is truth, and it prevails." The Press on the Boat Race: "The giant Rosher, who had been doing two men's work, appeared as fresh as any of the victors."—"Evening News." "Arbuthnot, Fairbairn, Rosher, Van der Byl, and Swann were much distressed."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

* * *

We wonder how many Bible Tercentenary enthusiasts could pass a simple examination in the Book?

* * *

Canon Tupper Carey asks whether there is "any substitute for war which will call forth enthusiasm, love of adventure, valour, heroism, and self-sacrifice?" Yes, marriage.

* * *

"Properly led, the hooligan is the man who would storm a battery," says the Dean of Lincoln. We should have thought that assault and battery was more in the hooligan's line.

* * *

Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffir, is presently to celebrate his jubilee. We hope he won't be a Pink-eyed Kaffir next morning.

* * *

Aliens are not to be allowed to carry firearms. But, if we know anything at all about them, they will continue to "shoot the moon" on rent-day.

* * *

We do wish the "Pink 'Un" would stop calling Mr. Churchill the "Blenheim Pup." We like Blenheims.

* * *

In her Harem Skirt song Miss Madge Temple sings, "The idea is crafty; it's not a bit draughty, It's useful in so many ways." How?

* * *

"As our civilisation advances the number of broadheads increases," says M. Jean Finot. And the number of "deadheads" also.

* * *

"Mankind, like Nature," says the "Observer,' "hates straight lines." Is that why men so often go on the bend?

* * *

Celebrities and Their Hobbies: "We shall set ourselves the task, at Hendon, of constructing a very powerful war machine, capable of dropping bombs in a manner that will amaze those who are still apathetic."—Mr. Claude Grahame-White.

* * *

Barclay, Perkins, and Co., the famous brewers, find trade so bad that they propose to write off 2½ millions of capital. We were afraid something like this would happen when our doctor made us give up drinking beer. SIMPLE SIMON.

ARMY IDIOTS.

WHY ARE THEY EVER PASSED?

No, this is not a tirade against the much-abused Army officer. I merely wish to call attention to the fact that in 1909 a considerable number of idiots were discharged from the Army.

Anyway, according to the "Report on the Health of the Army" for that year forty-seven recruits were discharged within three months of enlistment for "weakness of intellect."

The obvious question is, Why were they ever accepted? Each of these mentally deficient persons represents a considerable loss to the country in money spent on their food and equipment, and time wasted on their training.

There is sense in admitting the recruit who does not quite come up to the physical standard in the hope that he will improve, but if a lad suffers from "weakness of intellect" at eighteen he is not likely to become more intelligent as he grows older.

The matter certainly seems to call for explanation.

What does Lord Haldane say?

CARE OF THE TEETH.

A MATTER WORTHY OF YOUR ATTENTION.

A good set of teeth is a blessing which we do not appreciate until we find it slipping away from us. To find a man with a well-preserved set of teeth is not a common thing in these days, and this fact, though sometimes due to ill-health and a weak constitution, is more often than not the result of neglect.

Brush them after every meal if possible. While eating, small pieces of food collect between the teeth, which particles of food in course of time become corrupt, and cause the teeth to decay.

At the first sign of decay, consult a dentist. It is only by prompt action that you can arrest the decay before it eats its way right into the tooth, when the only alternative is to have it drawn.

The next thing to be considered is what to clean them with. There are many dentifrices on the market, some more expensive than others, but ordinary precipitated chalk, with the addition of a little common salt, wants a lot of beating. Some people, however, prefer a tooth paste in a tube as being more convenient to keep.

Common whiting is a good cleaner for both natural and artificial teeth.

One way of keeping the teeth white is to eat a hard, sour apple every day, chewing it slowly and thoroughly, the acid in the fruit having a cleansing influence upon the enamel.

NOVICES IN THE RING

A FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A BOXING COMPETITION.

Since the commencement of the present boom in boxing, there are very few young fellows who have not given a thought to taking up this greatly beneficial form of physical culture. There are people who do all in their power to poison the mind of the beginner against anything and everything connected with "the noble art"; but the average healthy minded, clean-living young man takes to the sport at once.

On picking up the first elements of boxing, and doing fairly well with the gloves amongst his own particular chums, he naturally seeks fresh worlds to conquer. The first idea that suggests itself is to enter a novices' competition, of which there are promoters in plenty in London, and not a few in most of the large provincial towns. These competitions are very easy to enter, as aspiring champions are always being sought after.

ON THE STAGE.

The particular tournament in which the writer first tried his hand was held at a local music-hall on Saturday afternoon.

The competitors assemble at the stage-door at 1.30 p.m., and are shown into the dressing-room to have their hearts sounded by the medical man in attendance, who soon weeds out those who are not in a condition to box the usual three fast rounds.

This ceremony over, a gentleman known as the "whip" generally selects sixteen men to compete, as this number allows the competition to be fought out evenly to the final pair without allowing any byes.

The proceedings of the afternoon are generally opened with the novices' competition. The first bout may be a "go" between two very old hands at the game, who have been novices for years, and are likely to remain so for the remainder of their boxing days.

WAITING HIS TURN.

Nevertheless, they slam into one another until one falls to the floor, to be counted out, while the other is not in a much better state himself.

After a sharp rub down by the seconds they indulge in a hearty handshake and leave the ring to the next pair.

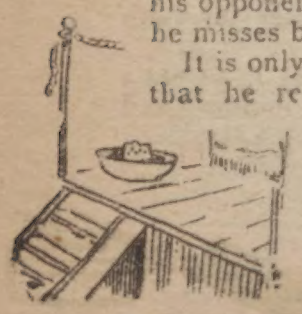
The feelings of the novice who is awaiting his turn to make his first appearance in the ring can be easily imagined when he sees these two sturdy young gladiators tearing into each other, and he wonders what he could do against either. However, his feelings are greatly relieved when he sees, in the next bout, how a strong slugger of the same type as the previous pair is easily beaten by a slim, delicate-looking, but scientific lad, who at first looks as though he is no match for his opponent.

Standing in the wings, nervously awaiting his turn is the novice who is appearing for the first time in his life. He starts suddenly, as he feels a tap on his shoulder. He turns and finds himself facing the "whip," who tells him it is his turn to box.

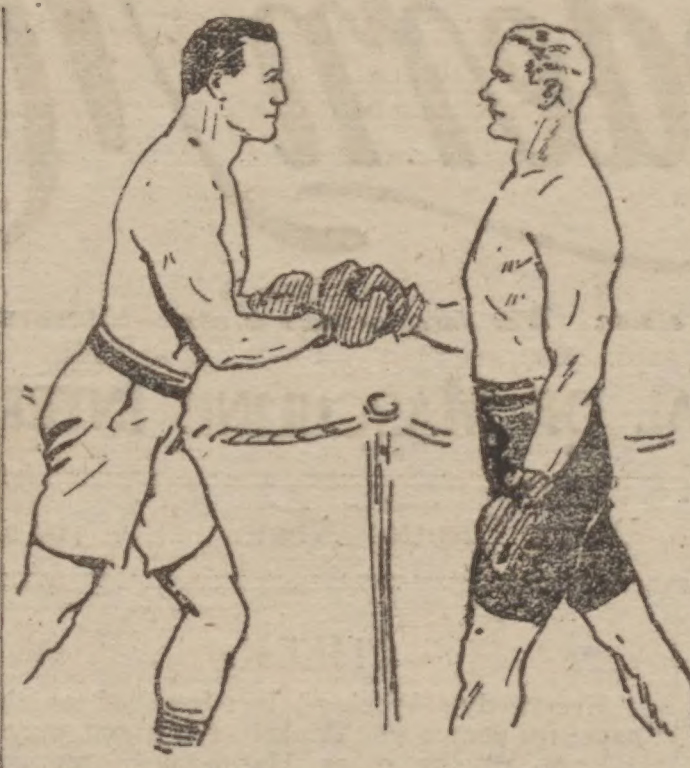
ENCOURAGEMENT.

He steps on to the stage and into the ring to take his seat in one corner, while a few encouraging shouts from the audience reach his ears. His second tells him that he will easily beat his opponent, and he does not guess that this piece of information is only meant to inspire confidence, which goes a long way towards winning the bout.

The seconds being ordered out of the ring, the bell goes for the first round. He shapes up to his opponent very nervously, and when he leads, he misses by a foot.



It is only when he gets a sharp jab on the face that he realises he is in a serious encounter. Then he pulls himself together and goes for his man for all he is worth,



and at the end of the round, although he has a slight lead on points, he feels a very weary feeling in his legs as he walks to his seat.

The ever-encouraging second tells him he is beating his man easily, only he must keep his head, and gives him many useful hints which he tries to bear in mind.

But as soon as he begins the second round and receives one or two heavy punches, he forgets all the good advice of his second, and, casting all science to the winds, he again tears into his opponent.

KNOCKED OUT.

Towards the end of the round he receives a heavy swing full on the point of the jaw, and his head begins to buzz very loudly. After a few hours, seemingly, his head suddenly clears, and he hears a deep voice drone out "eight—nine—out."

He looks around him and seems quite surprised to find himself on the floor. Then the awful truth dawns on him. He has been knocked out.

His opponent walks over to him and assists him to his feet; with a hearty handshake and a "Hard luck, old man," his late foe accompanies him to the dressing-room.

He has learnt his lesson, and he makes up his mind that he will have another try; but he will keep his head next time, and then—who knows?—he may make a great name for himself some day.

H. BROWNE.

DO YOU BONE YOUR BOOTS?

Boning boots—though it is a process that is not very widely known—is one which doubles the life of the leather, and gives it a softness and elasticity that is very grateful to the wearer.

Put your boots on trees, clean off every particle of dirt, and then take a rib-bone of beef, from which all the meat and grease has been carefully removed by baking it for a short time in a hot oven. Polish this bone with a cloth until it has a surface like ivory; and then rub the bone with a polishing movement fairly hard over all the creases of your boots.

The longer you do this the better it will be for them, and the first performance, if you can spare the time, should be about half an hour for each boot. But after that, about five minutes for each boot every day will be enough.

The chief effects of "boning" is to prevent boots from working into creases and cracking, and also to make them polish better.

VULGARITY.

SOME NOVEL OPINIONS, IN WHICH THERE MAY POSSIBLY BE AN ELEMENT OF TRUTH.

"How should I define vulgarity? Oh, I should say that a vulgar person drops his aitches, eats peas with a knife, and blows his nose without using a pocket-handkerchief."

Thus would many people answer if asked to give a definition of vulgarity. Are they right or are they wrong? In my opinion they are mainly wrong.

It is not so much the dropping of aitches as the aspirating of them that is vulgar.

Come to think of it, it is not natural to sound our aitches. To do so is an artificial and acquired trick of speech. It is a grammatical affectation, and whatever is affected is essentially and indisputably vulgar.

You or I may consider the man who eats peas with a knife vulgar, but he has a perfect right to return the epithet with interest to us who eat peas in what we think is the right way.

As a matter of fact, we are both wrong, for by far the easiest way of eating peas is to shovel them up with a spoon. The knife and the fork are difficult and affected ways of eating peas, and therefore both are vulgar.

As for the use of the handkerchief, man was made long before mouchoirs. The man who blows his nose in a "vulgar" manner is performing an entirely natural action, and Nature is not and cannot be vulgar.

An old Irishwoman smoking a clay pipe is not vulgar, because she is entirely natural. On the other hand, a Society lady smoking a cigarette in a restaurant is often an intensely vulgar person.

Vulgarity, then, lies in the first instance in doing something which the members of your own class do not do as a rule.

It is not considered vulgar to spit in America, but it is here—at least among gentle folk.

On the other hand I do not consider a working-man vulgar because he spits, for the majority of working-men do spit, and he is merely conforming to the usages of his class.

The gentleman who swears in the presence of ladies is vulgar, because he outrages the canons of his order, but it is absurd to say that a costermonger is vulgar when he uses lurid epithets in front of his donah.

Society lovers think it vulgar to "spoon" in public, yet perhaps their pretended indifference is far more vulgar than the open love-making of 'Arry and 'Arriett. 'Arry and 'Arriett would be vulgar if they upset the manners of the classes and did not spoon in public.

Pretending to be something that you are not is indeed the stamp of vulgarity.

The drawling, high-pitched tones of the aristocracy are not vulgar, for, although unnatural to begin with, this has since become their natural way of talking. But when Tomkins from Upper Tooting tries to imitate the mannerisms of the aristocracy he becomes a very vulgar person.

Lord Mayfair, on the other hand, is equally as vulgar as Tomkins when he affects the speech and dress of a stable-groom.

The middle-classes are mostly vulgar, for the majority of them are engaged in trying to appear better than they are.

Actors and actresses have become intensely vulgar since they took to going into Society and imitating the manners and customs of their betters.

The well-born politician who panders to democracy is a vulgar person, because he pretends to belong to a class to which he does not belong.

The latest form of vulgarity among the rich is leading the "Simple Life." In eating unpalatable food, in wearing absurd clothes, and in living in a way in which they are not accustomed to live they merely show their vulgarity.

To sum it all up, man became vulgar the moment he became "civilised."

HADDON R. HOLLOWAY.

BOTTOMLEY'S RULE FOR CONTEMPT DISMISSED

News of our Litigation.

(1).—Feb. 3rd, 1911; Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., applied to Mr. Justice Horridge in Chambers for leave to proceed against J. A. Shepherd, Editor of THE MODERN MAN, and Cary G. Bowerman, managing director of the company which publishes this paper, for leave to prosecute us criminally for libel. His application was refused.

(2).—Feb. 7th, 1911: Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., obtained a rule *nisi*, calling upon J. A. Shepherd and Cary G. Bowerman to show cause why we should not be committed for contempt of Court.

(3).—April 5th, 1911: We showed cause why we should not be committed. The rule, therefore, was dismissed, and the Lord Chief Justice of England ordered that Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., should pay our costs.

We reproduce the following report from the "Daily Telegraph" for the benefit of those who may not have seen it in their newspaper :—

DIVISIONAL COURT.

Before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Mr. Justice BRAY, and Mr. Justice BANKES.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S APPLICATION.

Their lordships heard arguments on a rule *nisi* which had been granted calling upon Mr. H. Gray-Reid, the author of an article in THE MODERN MAN; Mr. Cary G. Bowerman, managing director of the United Press (Limited), publishers of the paper; and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the editor, to show cause why they should not be committed for contempt of Court in respect of the publication in THE MODERN MAN of an open letter addressed to Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and headed, "Why does Bottomley attack advertisers?" The rule had been granted by Mr. Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Lush, at the instance of Mr. Bottomley and "John Bull" (Limited).

Mr. McCardie (instructed by Messrs. Carter and Bell) appeared to show cause against the rule; and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., Mr. G. W. Jones, and Mr. Harold Smith (instructed by Messrs. Lloyd, Richardson, and Co.) appeared in support of the rule.

An affidavit had been made by Mr. Bottomley to the effect that "John Bull" (Limited) and he were plaintiffs in a libel action brought against THE MODERN MAN (Limited), the Victoria House Printing Company (Limited), United Press (Limited), and Mr. J. A. Shepherd with respect to an article which appeared in THE MODERN MAN of February 4 last, but published earlier. The writ was issued on February 3. Mr. Bottomley stated that Mr. Cary G. Bowerman was managing director of the United Press (Limited), and had at one time been employed as publisher of "John Bull," and on his being requested to resign that position Mr. Bottomley had refused to give him a reference. Mr. Bottomley also stated in his affidavit that "John Bull" (Limited) had declared and paid dividends to its Preference shareholders, and that all subscriptions received by "John Bull" (Limited) on behalf of "Human documents" had been remitted to them with the least possible delay.

In THE MODERN MAN of February 4 a suggestion appeared to the effect that though "John Bull" was a financial success, there were complaints that persons entitled to dividends had not received them, and an attack was also made with regard to the "Human Documents" subscriptions. A writ for libel was issued against THE MODERN MAN, and on February 11 that paper published an article headed, "Why does Bottomley attack advertisers?" It was signed "H. Gray-Reid." Amongst other statements in that article were :

> Of course, you will remember very well the time when a large Oxford Street business, Waring and Gillow, Ltd., was opened, and you will also remember the attacks which you made in the pages of your paper upon that company. On consulting the files of "John Bull," I discover that, after further attacks, Waring's began to take half-pages in your paper for their hotel advertisements. . . .

Mr. McCardie in showing cause against the rule, submitted that it had been obtained as a mere device in order to prevent criticism and exposure of Mr. Bottomley's career and past. It was suggested that because another statement had been published in THE MODERN MAN after the issue of the writ in the libel action, therefore contempt of Court had been committed, but the open letter dealt with a wholly different matter. Counsel then read Mr. Bottomley's affidavit, on which the rule had been obtained.

The Lord Chief Justice: Did they claim an injunction in their action, or not?

Mr. McCardie: No.

The Lord Chief Justice said it was pointed out some years ago that a man was not prevented going on libelling after an action was brought, if he liked to take the risk.

Mr. McCardie said if it were decided that the issue of a writ should stop criticism of a man's career, it might be a *Magna Carta* for every scoundrel in the country. Defendants were going to justify a fair construction of the alleged libel. The result of granting such an application as this would be to stop all comment upon any person who has issued a writ, not only by the defendant himself, but by any other people. He desired to point out that the issue of THE MODERN MAN of February 11 had been printed and published before the issue of the writ in the libel action.

Counsel then read a joint affidavit of Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Shepherd, in reply to Mr. Bottomley's affidavit. In it they stated that they intended to plead justification and fair comment as a defence to the action commenced by "John Bull" (Limited) and Mr. Bottomley. Mr. Shepherd said he took responsibility for the articles and posters. He himself was the author of the articles, "H. Gray-Reid" being his nom-de-plume, and no such person existed other than himself. The affidavit set out that the issue of THE MODERN MAN dated February 11 had been printed and published before the issue of the writ in this action, and before they knew that plaintiffs intended to issue it.

The affidavit added that, in view of the present proceedings, publication of an article on "Bottomley and Feltham's Bank," referred to in THE MODERN MAN of February 11, had been deferred, though respondents were advised that it was not contempt of court. The article now complained of was one of a series dealing with Mr. Bottomley's career, and was not intended to, and did not, contain anything libellous.

In the affidavit Mr. Cary Godfry Bowerman also stated: "I was not employed by Mr. Bottomley to publish 'John Bull,' nor was I requested to resign my position as publisher. My connection with such matter was as general manager of 'E. J. Brett, 1907 (Limited),' a company which published 'John Bull' under a contract with Odhams (Limited). My engagement with such company was terminated by it because it was unable to pay my remuneration. I have never asked Mr. Bottomley for a reference."

Mr. F. E. Smith, in support of the rule, contended that the paper was issued to the public with the full knowledge that the proceedings were going on. An unsuccessful application had been made to Mr. Justice Horridge in Chambers for leave to take criminal proceedings against the editor of THE MODERN MAN before the paper of February 11 was published. It was going in the teeth of all decisions to say that a man who was going to justify in a libel action could publish anything he liked about the plaintiff, and could not be the subject of Contempt of Court. The doctrine had been laid down that anything that tended to prejudice a fair hearing before a jury might be prevented by a rule for Contempt of Court. Mr. Bottomley took so serious a view of the libels in this paper that he applied to Mr. Justice Horridge for leave to institute criminal proceedings, but his lordship said he thought it was a case in which civil proceedings ought to be taken. The writ was issued on the same day, and plaintiff asked nothing better than the opportunity of having the whole matter decided by a jury.

The Lord Chief Justice said he agreed with Mr. Smith that, as a general proposition, if the Court thought the defendants were publishing articles which would tend to pollute or disturb the pure flow of justice, they would not hesitate to treat the matter as Contempt of Court. Having regard to the special circumstances of this case, however, he thought the Court would be doing wrong if they treated this particular publication as contempt. He was not going to say anything to encourage these gentlemen to publish any further libels, but it seemed to him that they ought not to interfere. Therefore the rule *nisi* would be discharged, with costs.

A VETERINARY SURGEON'S WORK

AN APPRECIATION.

The Veterinary Surgeon is nearly always known to the general public as "the Vet." I have heard him called "the cow doctor" and "the horse doctor," but the general term is "the Vet." He is as much at the beck and call of the public as a general practitioner, but except in rare cases he is only met in a strictly professional way. He has not the prestige that the doctor enjoys.

A veterinary surgeon may be, and very often is, as highly cultured and "well brought up," as the world says, as many M.D.'s. My experience, which is fairly large, has taught me to meet a V.S. in exactly the same way as I would an M.D. I do so because I have found so far that unless I did, I should be a cad.

The amount of rudeness these fine men put up with is extraordinary. If a valuable horse is ill, and the owner is anxious to do all in his power to save it, he says to the groom, "Just send in when the Vet. comes; I'll have a word with him."

The Vet. arrives, and a maid or man knocks discreetly at the master's door: "If you please, sir, the Vet. has come."

But, mark you, no one stands waiting in the hall; oh, dear me, no! The Vet. knows much better than this. He has driven straight to the stable yard, and is probably examining his patient and making his diagnosis.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

When he tells the groom what is the matter, and begins to order comforts for the horse, he will probably be told that he, the groom, "told the master all along that that was what was up, but he must have *you* out." Probably the groom had no more diagnosed the case than the brougham had. But no matter.

The master appears and throws a curt "Good morning. Well, what's up?" Very patiently and politely the V.S. explains the case, its probable cause and most effective remedy, standing meanwhile near the horse, unconsciously stroking him or rearranging the warm blanket he has ordered to be thrown over him.

If the case has been partially explained by messenger or telephone, he has probably already brought a remedy from his trap and seen it applied, or given it personally.

He gives instructions to the groom as to further remedies, and promises to look in again that day. He may not repeat his visit until the evening, and if the horse is restless, he will sit up with it for an hour or two—if a serious case, the whole night.

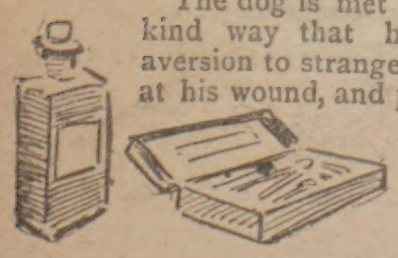
In the morning he has his rounds to go as usual, but before he sets out he has to see an odd mixture of people.

THE CLIENTS.

First a man with a dog of ferocious countenance and uncertain breed. "'Morning, *doctor*"—this from a rough working man with an honest heart, who is nice-minded enough to recognise a cleverer brain than his. His dog has been badly bitten when fighting or ratting.

"Poor old chap! Come on, let's have a look at you, old fellow."

The dog is met in such a frankly breezy and kind way that he unwittingly overcomes his aversion to strangers, and lets the "doctor" look at his wound, and perhaps apply some ointment.



A box is given to the man with instructions carefully written on it, the same instructions given verbally, and then, "How much, doctor?" "Oh, come in again in two days and I'll tell you then, if the dog is better," is often the answer—and I know very well that when "the price" is stated, it is paid cheerfully and readily, because it has been earned, and because it is ridiculously small.

Next a farmer; "Good morning, sir." He has a cow down with milk fever—usually known remedies have been tried and failed. "All right, Mr. ——. Don't worry, I'll be up by eleven this morning and will see her myself—good morning." There he has booked a four-mile drive into the country.

The telephone bell rings, and the following one-sided conversation is heard: "Yes, it is—A cat? I expect it's getting old, isn't it? Oh! Only nine? Well, I'll call round some time to-day—Very sorry I can't promise to come this morning—Oh yes! I'll get round as soon as ever I can—Oh! keep it warm—Yes—No—All right; good morning."

A CASE FOR TACT.

That case is an infirm old cat which a neighbour has tried to poison, but failed, and the V.S. will probably have to get the permission of the adoring owner to put poor puss out of all misery. That call is booked; it is two miles out of town, and in the opposite direction to the farmer.

A groom next—a polite one. "Good morning, sir." Influenza in Mr. ——'s stables. Call booked. This is on the way to the cat case.

A lady next with a fox-terrier full of distemper. Physic made up and offer to keep the dog in the infirmary—offer refused—physic taken. Directions to keep dog warm in carriage going home—the food he must and must not have, and a promise made to call next day.

The partner or assistant meanwhile is taking his share of cases and answering most of the telephone messages, asking careful questions, and booking addresses and explanations. In this way the morning's work at the surgery is completed, and at last comes a cheery call to the groom, "Ready, Jack," and a neat turn-out is led out. Physics, horse balls, instruments, and so on are stowed away in the bottom of the trap, and the day's rounds are begun.

ON THE ROUNDS.

Probably the V.S. will go to all the most serious cases, and his assistant (a qualified man also) to the less serious, or one will take one district and one another.

The groom is left in charge. He has to answer the telephone and book any request for a call, see those people who cannot remember that an M.R.C.V.S. has surgery hours as well as an M.D., and he has to keep the stables scrupulously clean, feed the invalid dogs and cats and those who are boarding there, see to the horses, and generally smarten up, for he has plenty to do before "the master" comes back.

Meals in a veterinary surgeon's house are as much movable feasts as they are in a doctor's; in fact, more so, for the rounds are often far bigger.

The "Vet." is asked by the committee of the —— Agricultural Show if he will act there on a certain date or dates in his official capacity. He is down for two big dog shows the next week, and he is quie ly wondering to himself however he is going to get everything in.

But his work is never shirked—an ailing cow is sufficient to make the "cow doctor" unhesitatingly forego the pleasure of a whist drive or a rarer dance. The dreams of a quiet smoke and chat with an old college chum are given up at once if there is a patient getting uneasy as the evening sets in.

The quiet, unassuming "Vet." is always there. He saves our hunters, polo ponies, and hacks, our dogs and cats—yet we meet him in the stable-yard and keep our hands behind our backs. We send the groom in with a cheque when the bill is paid, or send it by post with a request for a receipt by return. We look "through him" when driving past him, and we give no thought as to his inner life. We, who ought to know better.

The ones who do know better are the ones whose cattle, heavy horses, and "Saturday afternoon" dogs he has saved. By them he will always get treated as he should be—as a gentleman.

"EQUES."

THE "TAKE ONE" NUISANCE.

Doubtless, readers, in your travels in tube trains or lifts, in big railway termini, or in your wanderings through "universal providing" establishments, you have met with little black lacquered boxes, affixed to a wall, and blandly inviting you, through the medium of white painted lettering, to "Take One."

There was, perhaps, a time when in your verdant youth you were wont to investigate the contents; but you quickly realised that they were never interesting, and you now pass them by in scorn.

But have you noticed, when, perchance, such a box *has* managed to excite your interest, and you *do* stretch out a hand to "Take One," that more often than not there is not a single one to take?

AFTER-EFFECTS OF FOOTBALL

A PLAYER'S SENSATIONS AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

By WALTER ENGELHARDT
(late Casuals and Emeriti F.C.'s).

The keenest sensation of the enthusiastic amateur footballer when his club's fixture-card has come to an end is one of intense regret, amounting almost to dismay. The physical fitness which he is enjoying as the result of a season's hard play occasions him an uneasy qualm, for he has a miserable feeling that he is bound to lose it and return once again to that comparatively flabby condition which even cricket cannot wholly dispel.

"What on earth is a man to do with his Saturday afternoons now?" is the piteous cry of the team at this time; for at least a month must intervene before warmer weather renders any summer sport of an equally energetic character possible.

Meanwhile, practically all that offers itself to the amateur footballer, unless he be a cyclist, which he is not always, is an afternoon spent at billiards or a matinée at a music-hall. The latter he rejects with scorn as too tame, and the more or less unhealthy atmosphere and surroundings in which the former must be indulged in do not commend themselves to him.

Not until next season will he again enjoy the delightful sensation of the hot baths and cold douche after the two hard-fought "forty-fives," or the huge appetite with which he was wont to join his fellow-players at tea.

But a little thought soon gives him the happy conviction that the world is not so black as he had been inclined to paint it. Boxing still offers itself to him as a fittingly violent form of exercise for the slack season before cricket and boating are in swing—and what is more, is he not now in a position to indulge more heartily in the fragrant weed which has for long been so grudgingly doled out to him?

W. L. ENGELHARDT.

RISING FROM THE RANKS

"CHINSTRAP," OUR SPECIALIST ON MILITARY MATTERS, GIVES HIS OPINIONS AS TO A SOLDIER'S CHANCES OF BEING RAISED FROM THE RANKS AND PRESENTED WITH A COMMISSION.

Promotion from the Army ranks is much in the air just now.

A Labour M.P. raised the question in the House of Commons the other day. He talked the usual claptrap about brainless fools of aristocrats being given commissions, while the highly intelligent paragon of a private soldier is kept down, and he asserted that if by any fluke he gets a commission, he is cold-shouldered by his brother officers, and his life made impossible to him.

Now, the subject is important. There is a great shortage—nearly 3,000—of Army officers, and if we cannot get them in the usual way, we may have to get them from the ranks. Further, when politicians say things calculated to stir up class-hatred they should not be allowed to go uncontradicted.

I propose, therefore, to be as impartial as I know how, and to put some plain facts before you.

GENTLEMEN RANKERS.

To begin with, to what extent is there suitable material for officers in the ranks?

I say to a very small extent.

At one time considerable numbers of gentlemen used to enlist in the ranks, because in those days they could rely on getting a commission in about three years, sometimes even less.

The late Captain Robert Marshall, the famous playwright, enlisted in the Black Watch and got his commission in a little over two years.

Nowadays, however, save in exceptional circumstances, a man is not to be recommended for a commission with less than six years' service. This means that he will be too old to have much chance of getting on, and so the supply of "gentleman-rankers" is very small.

I propose to deal with the effects of passing through the ranks later on, but I may here mention as a well-known fact—well known at least to Army men—that the ex-gentleman-ranker-officer is seldom popular with the *men*, whatever he may be with his brother officers. An officer who does not "get on" with the men does not make for efficiency.

WHY MEN ENLIST.

Now we will turn to the ordinary private soldier. I am more than loth to utter a word that could be misconstrued into a reflection against Tommy Atkins. I am second to none in my admiration for him—but we must face facts.

According to a recent official report, 90 per cent. of recruits enlist because they are hungry and out of work.

To put it bluntly, they are youthful civilians who have started life by failing in it, or, as I wish to be fair, we'll say who have never had a decent chance.

Many of them are almost illiterate; most of them are very badly educated.

Is that the material from which good officers are likely to be made? I think not. I put it on no higher ground than that they have not the necessary education, and it is not possible to give it them.

I admit that many of these half-starved, ill-educated lads develop into smart, intelligent, capable N.C.O.'s, but there is a big gulf between the knowledge required respectively of the officer and the N.C.O.

It would take years and years to teach a lad the theoretical side of tactics, fortification, topography, gunnery, and so on, and such knowledge is necessary to an officer. And when could you find the time to teach him without unduly interfering with his regular duties?

You cannot take an ignorant lad of eighteen who can hardly read, write, or spell, and make a well-educated man of him in a few years.

But we will say that 10 per cent. of recruits are men of superior class, well educated, intelligent, soldiers by instinct and ambition. What is their chance of winning a commission? I should say about one in a million.

Now, that may seem to bear out the Labour M.P. in his contention that the ranker is kept back by class prejudice. The explanation, of course, is that, as a rule, the ranker cannot take a commission unless he has at least £100 a year of private means, and very, very few rankers have this private income or anything approaching it.

In practice, then, the ranker's only chance of becoming an officer is to take an honorary commission as quartermaster or riding-master, for this carries with it special pay on which a careful man should be able to live.

Though the commission is honorary, it carries with it in every way the position, privileges, powers, and social status of an officer.

IN THE MESS.

Quartermasters and riding-masters, the former more especially, are often married men, and so do not come very much into the mess; but if they are bachelors they live in the mess, and, as a rule, get on exceedingly well with their brother officers.

To say that they are cold-shouldered or looked down upon is perfectly absurd.

In the rare case of a genuine ranker getting a full commission, it is odds on his being a thoroughly good chap in every sense of the term, and if at first he is not quite used to society ways and customs, I am perfectly certain his brother officers will not think the less of him for that.

Now, suppose that all officers were paid enough to live on, and that good men were thus induced to enlist in the hope of getting a commission, is the principle of promotion from the ranks a good one? I do not think you can answer this question off-hand.

SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

The duties of a quartermaster and a riding-master are special duties which are probably best learnt in the ranks. To be a good quartermaster or riding-master a man should have gone right through the mill of the quartermaster's office or riding-school, but whether training in the ranks is good for a man who is to be an ordinary officer is, I think, very doubtful.

Royal Engineer and Royal Artillery officers must have considerable scientific knowledge and attainments, and this is not to be gained in the ranks.

As regards the ordinary regimental officer, I doubt whether he is likely to be more efficient because he has been through the ranks.

The officer's business is to lead, and I do not think he is likely to develop or acquire the qualities of a leader in the ranks.

It seems to me that in the ranks a man learns a lot that is of no use to him as an officer. I admit he gets to know the ropes of life in the ranks in a way the ordinary officer does not; but is this knowledge essential?

Does it not rather tend to make the ex-ranker unpopular with the men because he "knows too much"?

At present there is no real promotion from the ranks, simply because of the money difficulties in the way; and that is the long and the short of it.

"CHINSTRAP."

ACTION IN RUNNING.

Any runner will agree that an enormous amount of importance rests on a man's action if he is to be above the average as a runner. Action is as vital in the different branches of track athletics as it is in a racehorse. But perhaps the strangest fact about it is that so many runners' actions, though each is correct in its way, differ very materially one from another.

However, it is safe to assert that the sprinter's action should be low. A high action is fatal to the attainment of any degree of pace, and although it is on record that some well-known sprinters have been rather high-stepped, it is undeniable that if those men had been able to lower their action they would have done even better things.

Notice, too, that a good sprinter runs along one line, as it were, turning his toes rather inwards. Thus he wastes neither time nor ground in stepping outwards.

Whereas in sprinting you must always run on your toes, in long-distance races it is sometimes a relief to run flat-footed, if you are not too hard pressed.

THE STARTER.

SOME FACTS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT AN UNASSUMING RACECOURSE OFFICIAL.

Just as in a big boxing contest very little interest is shown, in the ordinary way, in the M.C. or the referee, so, at a race meeting, very scanty thought is given by the crowds on the course to the efforts put forth for their enjoyment by the starter.

In fact, very few racegoers even recognise him in his official capacity when they happen to see him, mounted on a smart cob, cantering from one starting point to another between races.

Starters are in a great many cases gentlemen of moderate means, to whom racing is as the breath of life, but who are debarred from enjoying the sport as owners by the comparative slenderness of their incomes. So for a purely nominal salary, in most cases, they undertake the post of starter so as to be continually among the scenes they love.

Very autocratic is the modern starter. He will stand no nonsense from anybody. And in this connection a story told of a prominent starter in one of the early spring handicaps some years ago is interesting.

The official had had to call back the field repeatedly owing to the misdemeanour of one particular jockey, who was trying to edge himself off with an undue advantage in the start. At last the jockey in question grew cheeky, and called out "We shall get off by the Epsom Summer, I expect."

In a quiet tone came the answer from the official, not far off: "If you're not careful you won't be riding then!"

By the way, although racing in France is rapidly advancing towards an equal standing with the sport in England, still "starting" is not one of our neighbour's strong points. It is said of one English starter who witnessed a big race at Paris not long ago that he remarked afterwards, "I'd sooner start a hive of bees than the field in most French races."

R. F. JONES.

SHIPS THAT PASS

A TALE WITH A POINT.

By

C. ANDERSON.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another;
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.

LONGFELLOW.

I am satisfied that this little tale has a point. I should also venture to claim that it has a moral. But the quidnuncs—the superior people who, when they dole out coppers, do so scientifically, after due inquiries, which make the recipient squirm—the quidnuncs would describe it as an immoral tale.

Indiscriminate charity, they tell us, is a thing reprehensible, a thing to be frowned upon and discouraged.

Well, the high gods be praised, the readers of THE MODERN MAN are not quidnuncs. If we give a man a shilling we do not try to get some advertisement out of the giving; nor do we probe open the recipient's wounds with cruel fingers.

Some time ago I was privileged here to tell of a Scot I knew who had his own manner of giving. "There's sixpence," he would tell some poor derelict. "Go to the devil!" But his words were so kindly that the recipient went off feeling that he had had the money and a blessing with it.

And that is the kind of men the "Modern Men" are. No pricking of the victim in many places, but a hearty "Good luck, old boy!" and a trifle of money, if they meet a man on his uppers.

So that is why I tell here the little tale of Simpson, knowing that readers will find a moral in it.

His name is not Simpson, but that is a detail. Anyway, he's a journalist and a bit of an author. He tells with glee how, when he was four-and-twenty, he completed a novel and found a publisher for it.

"I made more out of it than he did," he says, with a grin. "It was published under a pen-name, and, in the ordinary course, I reviewed it for a couple of papers. That novel, my boy, had two most favourable reviews. I spent two years on the novel, and made nothing out of it. But I made six-and-tenpence out of the reviews. It makes me laugh to think of."

Now, a man who can laugh at that is a cheerful man, not easily daunted. Yet I saw Simpson some time ago confessedly beaten; a sudden jerk of Fortune's wheel had flung him out of a situation.

It was no fault of Simpson's, only rank bad luck. He had brains, he had a fine record of work, he had excellent testimonials; but he could not drop into a place.

There was a little woman of two-and-twenty and a baby boy.

"That makes you afraid," said Simpson. "When the money is getting scarce, and you see them going without and coming near to—to Heaven knows what, you begin to get thin with anxiety. Of course, I write stories, but who can write decent stuff when he knows so much hangs on their acceptance. I could not, anyhow."

Things went from bad to worse.

In sheer desperation, Simpson wrote a grim little tale and sent it to the editor of a certain daily paper. Also, he included a note, though he knew that was foolish. Editors generally dislike notes which accompany manuscripts. They have enough to do without reading notes that are quite superfluous.

Still, Simpson sent a little note. He said, in effect, "I'm out, and I can't get in. For the love of God, give me a trifle for this to keep body and soul together."

He was fool enough to build hopes upon that story, though he should have known better. But he had believed the nonsense about the darkest hour being before the dawn, and about things beginning to mend when they are at their worst. It is nonsense. All you can say with certainty is that when things are at their worst they cannot get any worse.

The story came back next night.

When Simpson heard the familiar thud of the letter-box flap and the postman's "rat-tat" he ran to the door. Instantly he saw what it was. He did not need to open the envelope.

He went into the kitchen looking very old. He felt that the last prop of life was gone.

"What is it?" asked the little woman; and Simpson flung the thing, unopened, on the fire. "I'm beaten," he said.

Luckily, the fire was green, or—well, Heaven knows how this tale would have ended. Probably in tragedy. As it was, while Simpson sat down with his head in his hands, she snatched the blackening envelope from the fire and opened it.

"Oh!" she said, and Simpson looked up.

"What is it?" he asked.

She handed him a note; it ran:—"I am sorry that this is not quite the kind of thing we publish. I am enclosing P.O. for five shillings with all good wishes."

"You can't keep it," she said. "You must return it."

"Must I? Why?"

"It's charity. We can't accept charity."

"I'm as proud as anybody; but I'll accept this."

"From a man you don't know!"

"That's why I'll keep it. Here's one of the finest gentlemen I know—and I don't know him. He offers a hand-shake, and a little money, to one down on his luck, and you want me to insult him!"

They argued it out from 7.30 till 9; then came another letter. It said, in effect, "Your application has been favourably considered. Wire in morning if you can come here to-morrow at three."

Simpson wired and Simpson went. He could not have gone without that five shillings. He was quite frank with the gentleman he met and told him exactly how he stood, and how he had managed to get there.

"Yes," said the other musingly; "there are as many as a dozen decent people in the world. . . . You'll want something to go on with, then? Well, we'll see about that." He proved to be another decent sort.

So that was how Simpson discovered that five shillings may be worth immeasurably more than sixty pence. By the time this is in print he will be on the high seas, sure of several years' work.

It is a bald little story, I agree; and the quidnuncs would say it is immoral, because it teaches the lesson that indiscriminate charity may be a good thing.

But it has this moral, which every reader of this paper can appreciate—that a humble sixpence and a word of cheer may save a soul, or several souls.

SOCIETY ENTERTAINING.

A FASCINATING AND LUCRATIVE HOBBY.

Occasions arise with most of us when we would gladly give a goodly sum to be able to do our share in the entertainment of our friends. Perhaps it is at a football supper or some similar social gathering that the wish to "do something" is first made manifest within us.

Again, perhaps our friends, Tom, Dick, and Harry—all of them possessing a certain amount of musical ability—are running a little concert party, profitably and pleasurably. They recount to us their good times and experiences, and we have an inclination to follow in their footsteps, but alas! Nature did not endow us with their ability. But where there's a will there's a way, and I propose to initiate you into the arts of the entertainer who deals in refined and subtle humour.

The first step is to commission a good singing master to give you a few lessons in the elements of vocalisation, time, and tune.

An excellent plan is to learn to recite, not to sing, the words of several different classes of song, to their respective pianoforte accompaniments. You may find it a somewhat difficult matter to keep your voice in harmony with the instrument, but persevere and succeed in gaining perfect control of your vocal organs.

This control accomplished, you may select a batch of humorous songs and monologues for study. In the choice of your numbers, your ultimate success and failure are on the balance. Choose each one, therefore, as you would a hat—to suit your personality.

Don't select items, the alleged humour of which deals with such topics as drunkenness or accidental death. Such subjects, to say the least, are far from being in good taste.

You must now commit your items to memory. If you are not naturally quick at memorising, a good plan is to write out the words of the piece to be learned first thing in the morning and directly before retiring at night, for a few successive days and also to repeat them aloud whenever an opportunity occurs. Concentration of mind will work wonders. Train your eye and your ear, and your memory will train itself.

Now perform your items in front of a good sized mirror, reciting or singing, and taking both time and tune into your own hands, just when and where a better effect may be obtained.

Watch your facial expressions and general movements very carefully, and don't on any account be tempted to overdo them. A twitch of the mouth, the raising or lowering of the eyebrows, or the poise of the hand when conveying a characteristic idea is far more artistic and will meet with much greater success than making horrible, meaningless contortions.

A small supply of different-coloured grease paints is necessary. Constant practice, study of characters whom you meet every day, and a carefully made collection of coloured picture postcards will help you considerably in this interesting matter.

Having a fairly large répertoire of songs, monologues, character sketches, and sketches at the piano—if you are sufficiently accomplished to be able to play your own accompaniments without a copy of the music—you are ready for a "show."

First secure a few engagements in country districts, where you are unknown to your audiences, giving your services gratis. The local clergy and schoolmasters are usually open to give you a chance to shine on these terms, and if you don't shine—well, nobody at home need know. If you do, you have the satisfaction of feeling that you were not applauded simply because you were known. Though it is contrary to the general belief, "country yokels" are keen critics.

Should you be anxious to make money out of your hobby, as soon as you feel quite sure of yourself, draw a hard-and-fast line at free shows.

Fix your terms at a certain moderate figure, and advertise by circular letter or through the medium of the local Press.

E. CUTHBERT YATES.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A PORTRAIT OF TROOPER KERNAHAN

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

There is, perhaps, nothing that so clearly reveals the characteristics of a man as the apartment which he can call his own.

Could you enter Kernahan's sitting-room in his "diggings" in breezy Brermouth, your eyes would fall first of all on his framed collection of camp photographs. That they were not taken to show off the pride of uniform is proved by the fact that many of them present one to Stephen in a forage cap, a waistcoat, ammunition trousers, and a pair of carpet slippers; Hall in puttee-less breeches and a loose "frock"; Carteret (supremely idiotic as usual) in a straw hat, pyjama coat, and full dress overalls.

Kernahan was never quite Carteretian in his sentiments, but one photograph shows him in the progress of a friendly mill with the hefty Trooper McBrady, and his attire is merely a skin-tight vest and carefully belted overalls, pulled up sprucely and buckled under his Wellington's, as on parade.

Yet, in a little tin box that contains his treasures, there rests, shielded from the casual eye, a portrait of Kernahan, a snapshot taken of him in glorious trappings, a snapshot that shows him with a gleam in his eye worthy of Velasquez's "Laughing Cavalier."

He is holding up a tankard; his attitude suggests that he is giving a toast. As a matter of fact, the words he is speaking are: "Good health to your Highness!"

After the kodak had clicked, however, the contents of that tankard took some other direction than down his throat, and, seeing that Kernahan, like every good man, was ever ready for his pint of good ale, the matter calls, perhaps, for some justifiable explanation.

Also, a comparison of the tankard of the photograph with the silver tankard on his writing-desk, will show that they are identical in appearance. The actual difference is that Kernahan's most prized ornament is of silver, and bears the arms of a Crown Prince of a reigning House.

Little, perhaps, will be remembered of the visit of the young Crown Prince of the country that must be misnamed Navaria.

He came at a time when the Court was secluded from all save sorrowing. He came unofficially, paying a second-cousinly visit. But he won the hearts of all with whom he was brought into contact—peer and peasant.

He rode to hounds with the West Blankshire Hunt, he shot in the coverts of the gentlemen of the countryside. The sporting illustrateds had him portrayed chatting with keepers or riding a shooting pony over a wild, wet land.

It was one of these that set the Yeomanry room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth chattering the week preceding the regiment's review at Sandringham.

When Kernahan came up they acclaimed him as "Your Serene Highness, the Crown Prince," and it was Carteret who tossed the paper over to him to show him the why and wherefore of his honour. The full-face view did not show the likeness so strikingly, perhaps, but the profile was just Kernahan to the life.

"Ugliness always comes out once in the most beautiful of families," Sergeant Hall remarked, winking. "One poor devil gets the lot—same as you did in your case, Kerny."

"Observe H. S. H.'s boko," Carteret put in.

"Somewhat zola-gorgon for the pony, too," said Stephen, eyes on one of the photographs.

"You seem to have all the luck, though," said the amorous Hall, gloomily. "What a chance for a romance! You can do it all *à la* 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Go and make the intended Princess who is cold to him keen on your personality alone. You know the sort of thing—a red rose once a year about Lady Day, with the inscription 'Kernahan—Flavia. Always.'"

"A pretty sentiment," Kernahan admitted.

"But Master Wilhelm of Navaria's in love with good old fox-hunting just now, and, if his heart's set on anything else, I understand it is to hold an Honorary Colonelcy in the most sporting Regiment in the country (saving your presence, Gibson!)."

"Don't you swank yourself, old sportsman," said Gibson. "These Royal Honorary Colonels are all the same. They only remember it when the keeper of their Privy Purse reminds 'em that they'd better send along a fiver to the Regiment's Annual Sports Fund. It begins and ends with that."

"Speaks from experience," Kernahan commented, sagely. "Alderman Cheeseman's honorary Colonel of the Catshooters, you know. Devil of a nuisance it is to get him to bung up his three half-crowns, too, I understand. List to the words of the great Gibson! List and learn, oh ye children of darkness!

"Any way, Charles, my boy," he concluded, "we expect better things of young Wilhelm."

"Give a bit to see his face if he happens to notice you, K.," said Gibson cuttingly. "But what's one semi-militiaman more or less to His Serene 'Ighness, eh McBrady?"

"H-infinitesimal!" said that unevenly-aitched worthy. "Habsurd to 'ope for hanything different."

A second later it was the Sergeant-Major, who entered with the usual typewritten document, which he affixed to the notice-board.

"'His Serene Highness the Crown Prince of Navaria,' Carteret read out, 'has graciously signified his intention of holding the rank of Honorary Colonel in the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry.'"

"Did he, the brute!" said Sergeant Gibson, irreverently. "Observe the lofty condescension? Why it might be the noble Kernahan——"

"Condescending to accept an honorary sergeant's mess ticket in the Brermouth cyclists," said Carteret, with sarcasm.

* * * * * * *

The moon of a week later found Trooper Kernahan, spruced up after "stables," walking along to the musical chink of his box spurs.

Before him stretched the West Newton road, white under the lunar effulgence. Headquarters had been so kind as to supply him with a new cavalry cloak, which, wonderful to relate of Territorial properties, precisely fitted him, and set off his cavalry swing.

He had selected a ground ash belonging to the gamekeeper upon whom he was billeted, and cursing his friends for a set of beery bargees, he had set forth for the after-supper walk that is so good for the digestion after mulled ale and Welsh rarebit.

He stepped along, swinging his stick in the manner that was at once his own and that of that free wanderer abroad, the Crown Prince of Navaria.

As he passed along a darksome bypath that cut down to the woods a figure detached itself from the shadow.

"Good night, your Highness," said the man, falling into step by his side.

"You've made a mistake, I think," said Kernahan, stiffly.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but I make no mistake. I was living at Windsor when you were at Eton. The few years since that time have not altered you."

"Really?" said Kernahan, interested now in the part this man had decided he should play. Kernahan took in his appearance at a glance. He wore a soft hat, a caped black coat, and something of a lanthorn-jawed, hungry expression.

"You are still the arrogant little upstart you were then," the stranger pursued bitterly, "and Providence makes princes of such as you and a beggar of me! For you, in your German uniform, there is the salute of respect from the deluded yokels."

Not for nothing, Kernahan mused, had his regiment been mistaken for a detachment of the Emperor's Uhlans by the casual spectator at the last, sad, slow march through the streets of London.

"Providence evidently accurately gauges that it is necessary for a prince to be polite—since you are not of Royal blood," said Kernahan smiling. He was ready to wager now that there was a red tie beneath the turned-up coat collar.

"I am not here to split straws with you"

"Then don't you call my uniform German, good sir."

"Bah! What is Navaria but a vassal of the Emperor of Germany? Think of the poor Navarians ground down beneath a doubly-ironed heel! Think of them sweltering in their squalor while you, and such as you, draw from them the taxes that keep you with grand horses in your stables, glorious days in the free open air—days that you turn red with your iniquity, staining the good brown earth with the blood of the fowls of the air and the little frightened beasts of the field!

"That is the Crown Prince of Navaria who leaves his slave-driven people to scheme in fear of their lives for the social reform he will not lift a little finger to grant them! Here he panders for popularity, he walks abroad with a camera, obtaining the good will of the deluded peasantry by taking photographs of them and their picturesque—their miserably picturesque—dwellings. It's in your face—" his voice rose to a quavering peroration—"the mark of the dissipated despot!"

Kernahan pulled the man up swiftly and faced him squarely.

"In my face, did you say?" he asked. "The mark of the dissipated despot?"

"Ay, and more——"

"We won't wait for any more," said Trooper Kernahan, a little grimly. "Come, put up your guard, sir, if you learnt anything of the noble art in the school where surely good healthy boys should have licked you twice a day. Put up your guard, man. So!"

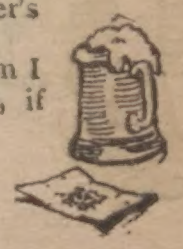
Kernahan shot out his fist, and, choking back a laugh, caught his man lightly on the shoulder. It was sufficient, however, to bring him down in the middle of the West Newton road.

"There, damn it, Mr. Socialist," he said, gaily. "You can curse the Prince of Navaria until you're pink in the neck, but in future I advise you to leave the face of a humble Trooper of the King's Own very much alone. . . . Now pick yourself up."

Kernahan assisted his fallen opponent to rise.

"See to what purpose I refrained from blackening your miserable eyes," said Kernahan, as he removed his cap and held it out for the other's inspection.

"Now look at this badge. Do you see whom I serve? A King who's worth double his taxes, if



one looks at it from your wretched point of view. Gosh!—to be under one of your miserable sort for President!"

The man in the soft hat was all apologies.

"A mistake—a mistake, sir. But I tell you I was mad—mad to see all the yokels pandering to that Navarian boy this morning. He walked into the bar of the village inn just as if he were a gentleman——"

"The presumption!" said Kernahan, with sarcasm.

"Yes, and treated them all to drinks. And there they were, laughing and talking with him, as if he were the young squire. He got at the old landlord himself by saying that they brewed far better beer in Blankshire than was ever sold in the beer-gardens of Navaria. He added, for the benefit of the landlord's daughter, a remark that I considered unwarrantable."

"Keen on the lady yourself?" asked Kernahan. "You sly old dog. But then free love's one of the planks of your dear old platform, isn't it? Take my tip, old man, don't stand it. Next time he comes into the bar drink his beer."

He slapped the man on the shoulder, almost breaking him in two.

"Put a dose of arsenic in it first, though, old sport," he added, laughing.

He watched the slender form disappear over a little bridge that spanned a murmuring brook. Then he took out his pipe, selected a comfortable spot on the old bridge wall, and proceeded to light up.

"Hang you!" said a voice, clearly, from a little way down stream. "First of all you scheme a man's undoing, then you come along and spoil his moonlight-effect photograph. . . Give me a hand up this wall, it will save fagging round."

The accent was unmistakably Etonian.

Kernahan leaned over and offered his broad arm. The stranger was evidently used to gymnastics, for with a light spring he was beside the trooper on the bridge.

He glanced quickly at Kernahan.

"Good Lord!" he said.

"Aren't you a little surprised too, man?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, your Highness," said Trooper Kernahan, imperturbably. "The illustrated papers have been full of photographs of the Crown Prince of Navaria out shooting or hunting. You would yourself be less surprised if they had published one or two snapshots of Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own, riding his five-bob-a-day crock at mounted drills. But somehow they haven't troubled to do it. My comrades and I will not be topical until the next Territorial boom, your Highness."

"We'll drop the 'Highness.' I'm off back to—to my Second Cousin's. Is it your way?"

"Long live your Second Cousin!" said Kernahan, reverently.

"I am staying at a keeper's near by," he added, presently. "Shall we be marching, your——"

"'Sir,'" corrected the young Prince of Navaria, laughing. "An Honorary Colonel has a right to a 'sir' from a Trooper of his regiment. Yet, hang it, you have the famous nose of the Navarian kings. It's equality," he added, gaily. "Fate decides it.

"And," he went on, "I'll wager you're a man open to sport. You must remember that I caught most of your conversation with Masterman, the village crank."

After that the two young men, the youthful Honorary Colonel and the Trooper, forgot entirely their ranking. They swung along the leading road to the tall trees that stood sentinel by the House of the first Squire of England, and filled in the details of a simple practical joke.

Arrived at the keeper's lodge, it was Stephen, Hall, Carteret, and Alexander who received them with open arms, and they chatted far into the night, while Stephen, a master of these things, concocted the most excellent brews of his own famous "Hot Pot."

"And I'll buy him a new hat and collar—yes, and a tie as well," were the concluding words of the Honorary Colonel as he bade his men good-night.

The next morning before the trumpets sounded for the parade for Review, the village inn was doing a roaring trade.

The one Socialist in the Royal villages was enjoying a popularity that was his due as an exception to the rule.

Most friendly of all with him, and standing him much liquid refreshment, was the Trooper of the King's Own, to whom everyone said, "Good luck, Kernahan," when they drank at his expense. Yet the views which the Trooper was exchanging with the man with the red tie were un-Kernahan like. It seemed that he was only one degree removed from an anarchist.

"When that loose-living young Navarian fool comes in in his uniform as Honorary Colonel of the King's Own and seeks to buy the popularity of its troopers by standing them common beer, and drinking it with them, you wait until I attract his attention and then put this into his glass."

He handed his companion a little white powder in a palpably chemist-folded paper.

"It will teach him," he added, "not to come pandering to English landlords about the quality of their liquor."

"Will it kill him?" asked the Socialist, trembling and turning white. "I'm not an extreme man, sir, not an extreme man."

"No; kill him! no. But I wouldn't have the 'little Mary' of the Crown Prince of Navaria when he's swallowed that pint of ale."

And the young man turned aside to hide a smile.

At that moment a motor-car drew up to the door of the inn, and it was an Honorary Colonel of the King's Own, resplendent in the burnished helmet, the plume, and the uniform of his ranking, who strode into the brick-floored bar.

"Men," said he, jovially, "I ask you to drink with me to the health of the Honorary Officers of this Regiment."

Immediately the good landlord, his pretty daughters and his helpers, had all they could do. For tankards of beer by the dozen was the order.

"And you, too, sir," added the newcomer, noticing the empty glass of the Socialist.

"A little cold gin, I think, sir," said the Trooper who was in conversation with him. "Cold gin, isn't it, Masterman?"

"Brandy!" that worthy snapped, dramatically.

"Yours, sir?" said the landlord, respectfully, to the brilliantly-helmeted one.

"A pint of ale, landlord."

The Trooper friend of the Socialist saluted his superior.

"Might I report to you, sir—" he began.

"*Now!*" he hissed aside to the man with the red tie.

A clear half-minute later the Honorary Colonel took up his beer, that was already fizzing.

"Good health to your Highness!" he said, suddenly. "May your spirits always be as full of body as this good ale."

With this word he raised his tankard and nothing could be heard but the click of a kodak that the Trooper had suddenly produced from his pocket.

The next second a swift twist of his wrist had sent the now seething contents of the tankard over the hat, face, collar and tie of the bewildered advocate of the Brotherhood of Man.

It was Kernahan, his splendid helmet removed, who conducted the dripping Socialist outside.

"Cheer up, Masterman," he said, as he held the lathering head under the pump. "Sherbet and beer never spoiled even the beauty of an amateur anarchist yet. And think, man, think! The Crown Prince of Navaria is ready to pay for his little joke—you'll have a clean collar at last!"

There are plenty of men like Kernahan in THE MODERN MAN League.

If you have not yet joined, fill in the form on page 17 and send it to us to-day.

"COUNTRY SIGHT."

A FACULTY THAT TOWNSMEN DO NOT POSSESS.

The other day a writer on some aspect of rural life spoke of the possession of what he called "country sight." He was referring to some power which only country residents could acquire, for strange as it may sound there are many things in nature that only countrymen can see.

The townsman who goes only occasionally into the country is bound to see only about one hundredth part of what the countryman sees, though both may have equally keen sight.

"Country sight," in short, is not any degree of strength in mere eyesight. It is something much more subtle. The man who can perhaps read small print at a great distance may have keen and good sight, but he need not necessarily have "country sight," and indeed he will certainly not have it unless he has had a fairly long education up to it by residence in and observation of the country.

I have many town friends, and frequently they spend week-ends with me in the heart of the country. There I can test their "country sight," and I have never found one of them to possess the power.

Walking along the bank of a stream only lately I put a hand on my companion's arm and held him back. "See that fine trout," I remarked, "lying there in that clear space?"

I pointed out the exact position of the fish. "His tail is slowly waving just beyond the end of that twig over the water, and his head lies between those two bright pebbles."

Well, my friend could see the pebbles on the bottom, he could see the twig over the water, but for the life of him he could not see the trout that was midway between the surface of the water and the bed of the brook.

He had evidently not yet trained his eyes to see half-way into the water. The surface caught his eye, and the pebbly bed was obvious, but the trout's outline, his slowly-waving tail and his alert eye were quite invisible. As we left the fish and passed on, I am certain my friend had grave doubt whether I did in reality see the fish.

It was equally curious a little later, when I pointed out a brown rat sitting on the end of an old and fallen tree nibbling at something. Using my stick as a pointer, I bade my companion look along it to the spot where the rat was sitting. No; he could see no rat.

"Watch, there," I said, "exactly where you are looking now."

Then, throwing a small stone towards the rat, it bolted at once.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed my townsman friend, "I was staring at it all the time, but I thought it was part of the log!"

This was an admirable example of the lack of "country sight," which may be described as the ability readily to see creatures and objects in their natural surroundings out in the open.

Even a sharp-eyed countryman is sometimes deceived by the crouching hen pheasant as she lies motionless amid the grey and brown and drab grass and leafage. Rabbits, too, are often difficult to distinguish as they sit still against a background of brown earth thrown up by their burrowings.

The cultivation of this "country sight," and testing one's ability is a fascinating occupation during any rural ramble, and will quickly humble the sharpest townsman who thinks he can, without experience and practice, pierce the hedges and trees and see the life they harbour.

But "country sight" sees many other things than the few here indicated. Indeed it gives its possessor the freedom of a world which to too many is and will be closed for all time.

E. WHARTON.

TABLE ETIQUETTE

POINTS THAT DIFFERENTIATE GOOD MANNERS AND BAD.

Changing habits of diet have increased the difficulties of rightly using knife, fork, and spoon at table.

Formerly, when dinners consisted mainly of plain, substantial dishes, one knew how to eat them, but now all sorts of kickshaws are served up so disguised that you do not know whether they are fish, flesh, or fowl, and may well be in doubt as to what cutlery and silver to take to them.

As a rule, in the case of hors d'œuvres, entrées, and savouries, which obviously do not need cutting up with a knife, it is safe to play a fork solo.

Still, some hors d'œuvres, such as *harengs*, are not easily divided with a fork, and if a small knife is provided you should certainly use it.

EATING FISH.

Where fish is served whole, or in cuts from the whole fish, a fish-knife should always be used, provided there is one. If there isn't, then do without, and on no account use a steel knife.

Whitebait, fish patties, oysters, any shell-fish, except the larger crustaceans such as lobsters, are correctly eaten with a fork only.

Entrées are rather difficult. A fork only need be used to rissoles, patties, mince, and small made-up dishes like that, but in the case of stews of meat, mutton, game, or poultry, a knife should be used.

Curry, however, is an exception. In no circumstances should a knife be taken to it, and this is one of the few, indeed, practically the only meat dish eaten with spoon and fork.

In regard to savouries, some of them, such as mushrooms on toast, require a knife, but others, such as stuffed anchovy eggs, should be eaten with a fork only.

Vegetables are now often served as a separate course in the French fashion. Here a fork only is the right card to play. Asparagus is correctly eaten with the fingers, though small tongs for holding it have been introduced. These, however, seem to me so ultra-refined as to be almost vulgar.

CHEESE.

Many people who ought to know better eat cheese with a knife; I mean convey it to their mouths on the point or edge of their knife.

You may say that only very ignorant people would do this; but I can assure you that in big restaurants you will see well-dressed men guilty of this solecism. It is usually a bad habit, like biting your nails, and there is neither utility nor anything else to recommend it.

If you must eat cheese by itself, pick it up in your fingers; but, of course, cheese is not meant to be eaten alone, but should be cut into bits and placed on a small piece of bread, biscuit, or toast.

Cheese straws should be eaten with the fingers. Many people, I know, use a fork, but I am sure they are wrong. If you try to break up a crisp cheese straw with a fork, bits of it are almost sure to fly off the plate, and this is the very sort of thing you wish to avoid.

PUDDINGS AND DESSERT.

In regard to sweets, a good general rule is to eat "dry" puddings, such as "Spotted Dick," with a fork only; "wet" ones, such as rhubarb tart, stewed fruit, and so on, with spoon and fork.

Dessert has many pitfalls for the uninstructed. Grapes should always be eaten with the fingers, the skin being got rid of by expelling it into the hand held over the mouth, afterwards quietly depositing the skin by the side of the plate. The same applies to gooseberries and cherries and all small fruits that can conveniently be put into the mouth whole.

Bananas should be stripped of their skins, cut into small pieces, and conveyed to the mouth on the point of a fork.

Apples, oranges, peaches, and pears should be peeled, then cut into small pieces, and eaten with knife and fork.

Nuts after having been cracked should be eaten with the fingers.

KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON.

Remember, after finishing a course, always to place your knife and fork, or your spoon and fork, side by side across the centre of your plate, prongs of the fork pointing upwards, back of the spoon on the plate. When eating, avoid resting knife, fork, or spoon on the table or the side of your plate.

If using knife and fork or fork and spoon, don't leave one on the plate while using the other to convey the food to your mouth, but keep both in your hands until finished.

E. H. Hill.

SOUNDS THAT MAKE US STOP TO LISTEN.

The ever-changing ring of hammer on anvil in the village forge as we stroll down the hill towards the inn at twilight.

* * *

The simultaneous roar of a thousand throats as we pass a big enclosure, telling us that someone has scored.

* * *

The sound of a coach-horn on the high road as a spanking team rounds a bend and gallops past us.

* * *

A muffled "plop" from the reedy water as we walk along the riverside at night, telling us that Master Otter has started out on hunting bent.

* * *

The cheery word of encouragement from a driver to his horse, when the man really understands his beast.

* * *

The merry sound of a huntsman's horn, on a crisp hunting morning, when scent is good.

* * *

The faint sound of the "Last Post" borne to us from the barracks half a mile away.

* * *

The rowing coach's "E-easy all!" as we get close to the river and see a smart eight coming in from practice.

* * *

The double rat-tat that tells us that the postman has a registered letter for us.

PIGEON-KEEPING.

A DELIGHTFUL HOBBY FOR LOVERS OF BIRD-LIFE.

The great advantage of pigeon-keeping over other kindred hobbies is that almost anyone who possesses a backyard or a garden can indulge in it.

Flying pigeons I do not advise for the man who lives in a crowded neighbourhood. They are apt to be a nuisance to neighbours, but no one can possibly object to an aviary of fancy pigeons.

An aviary may not be so attractive as an artistically designed dovecot, but at least it will protect your birds from marauding cats and prevent their doing any damage in neighbouring gardens.

A handy man can put a substantial aviary up easily at a cost of thirty shillings to two pounds. It should consist of a pigeon-loft proper and a flight for exercise during the day, the latter consisting of a framework covered with small mesh wire-netting. A covered roof to the flight is advisable.

A convenient size is 9ft. long, 3ft. wide, and 6ft. high, the flight taking up two-thirds of the total length. This will provide ample accommodation for half-a-dozen birds.

There are many beautiful varieties of pigeons from which the beginner can make a selection, but he should choose a hardy variety which is capable of rearing its own young.

The Show Homer with its graceful carriage, the Archangel with its lustrous plumage, the Magpie with its delicate colouring, and the sturdy Dragoon are all suitable varieties for the beginner to take up.

Do not, however, keep more than one variety at a time.

If the birds are only wanted for the pleasure of keeping them, good average specimens can be purchased at 5s. each; but should you wish to exhibit at the shows and make your pigeons a source of profit as well as pleasure, the expense of starting will be much heavier.

A pair of birds for breeding exhibition specimens will cost anything from 30s. to £10.

A good start is half the battle. Better buy one pair of first-class birds than half-a-dozen mediocre specimens.

Feed on good sound wheat, Canadian peas, beans, dari and a little maize occasionally. Hemp may be given sparingly during the winter months.

Green food must be supplied regularly. A little lettuce will be much relished.

Always allow a plentiful supply of clean, pure water. Pigeons require and enjoy an occasional bath. Fill a large shallow vessel with water, and put it on the floor of the flight. Once a fortnight will suffice.

Flint grit and old mortar should always be kept in the aviary. These are as essential as food and water.

The most favourable months for breeding are March, April, May and June.

In February the birds should be paired. Having selected the male and female which you think are best suited to each other, keep them in separate wire pens about 18in. square for about a week. Then put the birds together and allow them to become accustomed to each other, after which they may safely be returned to the loft.

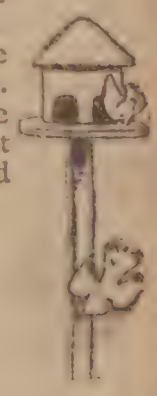
The length of incubation for pigeon eggs is eighteen days. Do not disturb the birds when they are sitting, neither is it advisable to handle the newly-hatched squabs too often. The parent birds will give them all the attention necessary, and, beyond keeping the nest-box clean, the less you bother with them the better.

At the end of the breeding season the sexes should be separated. To this end it is necessary that you should either build another loft or divide the one you have into two separate compartments.

Just a few words about exhibiting. Before sending your birds to a show they must be trained.

For a fortnight prior to the event confine the birds in small wire pens similar to those in use at the shows, and get them thoroughly accustomed to being handled.

George Scott.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

By A. P. GARLAND.

In the parlour of "The Hard-Boiled Egg" conversation had gone decidedly flat. Likewise the shallow remains of sundry pints of ale in the pewter tankards.

The customers—four in number—had eked out their beverage with praiseworthy economy, hoping vainly for the advent of a cheerful buyer. To provide an excuse for their unprofitable dallying, Dicky Tibbits was reading indiscriminate extracts from the "Berkshire Intelligence," and the others were pretending to lend an attentive ear.

"On Tuesday last Police-Inspector Harold was presented with a piece of plate and an illuminated address by a circle of friends on the completion of his twenty-five years' service at Parkton" was one of the items he read.

"That's the sort of thing that gets my rag out," said Simpkins, the landlord, who had strolled in commercially bent.

He was in one of his regular pessimistic moods. It was Thursday, and, for fully twenty years that day in the Simpkins' household had been consecrated to pork when in season. The result was always the same. In the afternoon he tackled the pork. For the rest of the day it tackled him.

The struggle was unequal. Simpkins always lost. By nightfall he had quarrelled with his wife, servant, and potman. By nine o'clock he had become a convicted and bigoted vegetarian. By ten he had absorbed, medicinally, a number of glasses of old rum and was inclined to weep when he thought of a nice ingenuous piglet cut off in its tender and unfledged youth.

"Police-Inspector Harold!" he continued, sarcastically indignant. "I know the sort of plate he'd get from me. Nice, thick earthenware one under the ear-hole. That's what I'd give him."

"Serve him right, too," said Job Pannett, always a sycophant.

"There's a lot o' presentations nowadays," said Ned Tutton, removing his pipe with the air of a man on whom an immortal truth had just alighted.

"Did you ever 'ave one, Ned?" asked Job.

"Once. Was within an ace o' being presented with a purse o' sov'rins and a certifikit," said Ned, proudly.

"What for?"

"'Eroism. Jumping into the Brent and saving a woman an' child from drowndin' after a terrific struggle. Woman was near a goner. Took two hours artificial inspiration to get 'er right."

"Well, I never did!" said Job, breathlessly. "And why didn't they give you the money?"

"'Cos it was another chap o' the same name that lived near-by. He did the life-savin', but they thought it was me. If the other chap 'ad kep' 'is mouth shut I'd 'ave bin all right. But I never could abear talkers."

The conversation was now diverted into other channels, but Dicky Tibbits took no part therein. A little scheme, arising out of the last few remarks, had come into his subtle brain, and he was getting it into shape.

On his way home he confided the idea to his crony Job Pannett, and the two discussed the matter so keenly outside the latter's house that a hint in the shape of a large piece of coal hurled with splendid intent but inaccurate aim by the irate Mrs. Pannett, was needed to separate them.

The following evening the conspirators set matters going.

They called at "The Hard-Boiled Egg," and sought a private interview with the proprietor.

"Mr. Simpkins," said Dicky, "Job and me has been talking over them presentations, and we don't see why you shouldn't have one just as well as any policeman."

"That's right," said Job.

The landlord looked suspiciously at his visitors, but said nothing.

"You've been here a long time now," continued the spokesman.

"Twenty year, come next February."

"Well, Job and me are going to get up a presentation on account of—you haven't got a birthday next week? Nor Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Nor the potman?" suggested Job.

"No," said Simpkins.

"Then it'll have to be as a token of respect—just what they puts on wreaths for a funeral," said Dicky. "Now what will you have?"

"Well, it's rather early—but still, I think I'll have a glass of bitter."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Dicky, hurriedly. "I mean what would you like us to buy for you?"

"How much money will there be?" asked the landlord, cautiously.

"Can't say exactly. Expect to get between three and four pounds. Me and Job is down for two bob each already."

"If the funds will run to it," said Simpkins, after a moment's consideration, "I shouldn't dislike a nice gold albert—second-hand if you like."

"Righto!" said Dicky. "We'll try and manage it. And don't forget, Mr. Simpkins, it was me and Job who got the thing up—nobody else."

"I won't forget," said Simpkins. "It's a pleasure to meet with two such open-hearted chaps as you."

This completed the conference, and the interviewers departed, well pleased with their work.

The next few days saw a great activity on the part of Dicky and Job.

Every individual in Slodby who had at any time enjoyed the beverages of "The Hard-Boiled Egg" was approached and importuned.

Dicky had devised a regular plan for dealing with the hoped-for subscribers. Those who had a sort of reputation for open-handedness—few as they were—were spurred on by reference to other subscribers.

To the meaner ones, however, Dicky threw out strong hints of the material advantages to be derived from joining in the movement.

Consequently the funds rose steadily, until finally the sum of three pounds ten shillings was raised.

When the testimonial had found its legs, so to speak, the two promoters thought it was time to come to a settlement with Simpkins.

Dicky, when he held good cards, was not afraid to call high.

"Things are going on right as rain, Mr. Simpkins," says he. "You'll get that chain you wanted."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the landlord, "I am much obliged to you."

"Anything else?" said Dicky.

"What do you mean?"

"He asks what do I mean," said Dicky, bitterly, turning to his companion. "Here we've been wearing ourselves out getting him a testimonial, and all he says is he's much obliged."

"What do you expect me to do? Kiss both of you?"

"Look here, Mr. Simpkins, we're poor men but honest. I'll say that. If we're treated fair—all right. If not, that there testimonial is a goner."

The threat was a little too much for Simpkins, and he hastened to give way.

"Wait a bit. I was only joking. How would it do if I was to give you a night's free-drinking each?"

"That's a bit better, but it's not enough. Make it a week and we'll call it square."

"You're a hard man, Dicky Tibbits, but I give in. When are you going to make the presentation?"

"Saturday week."

"All right. You can have what you want the week after that. You can't have it sooner, because I'm stocktaking."

"Yes, but you must put it in writing, it wouldn't be legal without. Bit of a loyer, I am."

Simpkins demurred at first, but the fear of losing the prospective chain overcame him, and he signed two documents, whereby Dicky Tibbits and Job Pannett were to receive free liquor every evening from June 26 to July 1, both days inclusive.

Thus the bargain was made.

* * * * * * *

The presentation came off as advertised, and Dicky's speech was the success of the evening.

It was unfortunate, however, that the recipient of the chain had been delayed at Lenton and did not arrive at Slodby until not far from closing-time.

Consequently, after a lengthy and [illegible] mose reply to his well-wishers, Simpkins had barely time enough to treat the company to one drink apiece. Needless to say, this cast a gloom over the whole festivity.

On the following Monday Dicky Tibbits and Job Pannett made preparations for a spree of unprecedented magnitude. They consumed salt herrings freely, and endured the subsequent thirst with a fortitude that would have amazed a shipwrecked mariner.

At last came the time for their reward. The two met and started gaily for "The Hard-Boiled Egg," which lay at the other end of the village. As they walked along they engaged in an animated discussion as to the relative merits of their favourite brands of ale.

On arriving at the hostelry, they found that the landlord was absent, but with their precious promissory notes in their pockets they felt no loss. Marching into the parlour they ordered two pints of bitter.

The potman served them duly and stood by awaiting payment.

Dicky, with the wink of a millionaire at his companion, drew forth Simpkins' note. The potman looked at it in surprise, spelled it out laboriously, and then with a weary air returned it.

"'Ere, wot's the game?" said he. "Give us the money for the ale."

"Money be blowed!" said Dicky. "Can't you read what that says?"

"Wot's the use o' playing the fool? This bloomin' paper's no good."

[illegible] Don't be a fool, Sam! There [illegible] and white. Free liquor, I says. [illegible] Standard."

[illegible] Canterbury to London."

"Yes. 'E sold the 'ouse and finished up [illegible]'day—witch was quarter-day. Left 'ere this [illegible]morning early with the missus. Told me to [illegible]thing until 'e was gone, as 'e thought it [illegible] to be broke gentle-like to 'is friends. [illegible]'ere's Mr. Miller, wot bought the 'ouse. [illegible]'ll tell you."

Mr. Miller approached the horror-stricken [illegible]air and confirmed the fatal news. The two [illegible]toms could scarcely speak for rage.

At length, as a last resource, they endeavoured to induce the new proprietor to adopt his predecessor's liabilities, but in vain. Mr. Miller, on hearing his customers' names, drew forth a pocket-book in which he discovered that they were indebted to "The [illegible]-boiled Egg" for refreshments to the [illegible]t of one-and-sevenpence and one-and-[illegible]penee respectively, the items being spread over a period of five years.

This was the last straw. The downcast conspirators paid up in heart-broken fashion and drank their ale with the air of criminals on the scaffold.

Since then it is believed that when at church the congregation prays aloud for all sinners—Micky Tibbets and Job Pannett make a special and clear proviso by which one, Harry Simpkins, shall be debarred from the benefits thereof.

A KINDLY ACT.

[illegible] men roll their own cigarettes, and I [illegible] to make a suggestion to them by which [illegible]ay give a little pleasure to some of their [illegible]w-creatures less fortunate than themselves.

[illegible]ou find in the bottom of your pouch from time [illegible]e a quantity of small tobacco, which is not [illegible]le for making into cigarettes, but which [illegible]ot to be despised by the man who smokes a pipe.

[illegible]ot throw this away, but put it by in a tin, [illegible]ing to it until the tin is full, and then give it with a kindly word to some old man who sells papers, or who sweeps a crossing. He will be deeply grateful for it, especially if you use a little tact in the giving of it.

One poor old chap once told the writer that when smoking his pipe, which he was only able to do when a little tobacco was given to him, was the only time that he forgot he was hungry; while another remarked that it was not only the tobacco for which he was grateful, but for the kind words that accompanied the gift.

SIGNALMEN'S GRIEVANCES.

Very few of us who travel in railway trains are [illegible] to give more than a passing thought to the [illegible]t of the tireless worker in the signal-box. [illegible]t his grievances—which are numerous—are [illegible]nded is demonstrated by the fact that [illegible] to be embodied shortly in a Bill to be [illegible] before the House of Commons by Mr. [illegible]s, M.P.

[illegible]men are as a rule chosen from the most [illegible]nt porters in the respective stations, who [illegible] subjected to a course of telegraphy, etc., before being put in charge of a minor box.

[illegible]t is not far short of a scandal that very many signalmen—elderly men—have to work ten or more hours a day or a night for a salary often as small as a guinea a week.

How can they support a wife and family on this? Most railway companies do not bother to answer the question, merely remarking that the men ought not to get married at all.

Another very justifiable grievance among signalmen is that whereas they have to work every day in the week, and longer hours than in any other profession, the average length of their holidays is no more than three days a year.

WHAT IS THE REAL ATTRACTION OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE?

Without being one of those superior idiots who decry sport you may not be greatly in love with professional football.

Nevertheless, the Final Tie for the Football Association Cup at the Crystal Palace is always worth seeing.

The game itself may not be particularly attractive. Indeed, it is a truism that the play in the Final is far oftener below than above the average. Now and then it is a great game, as, for example, when Aston Villa met Everton in 1897.

As a rule, however, a team seldom reproduces its best form in a Final, and the better the team the worse are they likely to play.

To the football enthusiast this in a way enhances the interest of the game. Last year, for instance, when Barnsley met Newcastle United, it was a case of David v. Goliath. "David" had to be content with a draw, but the way in which he went for "Goliath," worried him, bustled him, harried him, stopped his pattern-weaving movements, and generally put him off his game, was thrilling to watch, if there was little or no brilliance in the actual play.

NOT ALWAYS A GREAT GAME.

Still, the man who goes to the Final in the hope of seeing a great exhibition of football is likely to be badly disappointed.

And, 'tis pity, but 'tis true that even the Final is sometimes marred by unsportsmanlike tactics. I remember one Final in which the flying winger of one side was consistently tripped and sent rolling head over heels like a rabbit shot on the run whenever he became dangerous.

Nevertheless, the Final attracts anything from 70,000 to 100,000 onlookers. What is the lure that draws them? There are, of course, the followers of either team. Their presence needs no explanation. True, they are sometimes shouting for a team of "aliens," who are not truly representative of the county, city, or town they do battle for, but I do not know that that matters much, if their enthusiasm is genuine.

And it is. We may smile at the lads decked out in complete costumes of their club's colours. Their singing may not be that of an angel-choir. We should probably be able to continue to support existence if the police were to confiscate their rattles, and bells, and fireworks, especially their fireworks.

SACRIFICES.

Yet there is much to admire in them. They have spent mighty hard-earned money to rig themselves out like this. More money has gone on railway fares. One way and another they have made considerable sacrifices in order that their team shall not want encouragement on the great day.

Personally, if I had to toil all the week in mill, factory or mine, I think I should hesitate before I would go through the discomforts of travel that these chaps endure, before I would spend the money that they spend in order to see the Final.

You may say that they enjoy seeing London. I don't believe London attracts them at all. 'London is not nearly such a great place to the North as it is to the South, and, of course, it is the North that furnishes the bulk of Cup-Tie spectators.

I do not think London interests them. In the West-End on Cup-tie morning you may see a few brake-loads of excursionists being driven round the sights, but not many.

The match over, their main idea is to get away from London, and policemen's tongues grow tired telling them the way to "the station."

That is rather interesting. They know so little, they care so little about London that they think there is only one station.

We merely flatter ourselves down South when we imagine that the trip to London is even a small part of the lure of the Cup.

SPORT AND SOCIALISM.

No, it is a perfervid, if occasionally perverted, enthusiasm for football that brings these thousands and thousands of toil-seared men to Sydenham from the far North.

I would there were more of them. If Socialism ever captures this country the danger will come from the North. Socialism, at least the red-flag, pull-down-everything, Jack's-as-good-as-his-master-and-a-good-deal-better sort of Socialism is antagonistic to all manly sport.

The principles of fair play, of pluck, endurance, cleanliness of mind and body that sport inculcates are anathema to the Socialist. Think it over and tell me if you know a Socialist—of the type I have described, for there are others—who is also a sportsman.

So long as these men of the North will travel comfortless, packed like sardines, through Friday night, and travel back again on Saturday evening, all to see a game of football, Socialism will never conquer England, for it is the men of the North who decide what the nation shall do and be.

Many, however, go to the Final who have no particular interest in either team.

Here the attraction unquestionably is the crowd. There is much that is magnetic, electric, in a big crowd.

THE CROWD

As you near the ground and see the living, towering walls of humanity surrounding it, you must be cold-blooded, indeed, if no thrill runs through you.

It may not matter a dump to you which side wins, but you feel you must cheer one of them. Even if you have seen many Finals, the familiar sights do not pall.

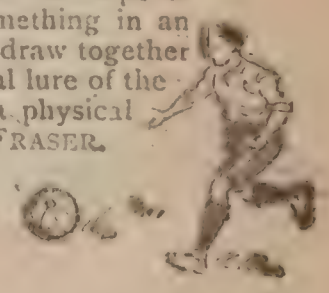
The adventurous spirits high up in the trees; the acrobats and tumblers, the cardsharpers and other shady characters; the born-drunks sleeping on the grass, while the tide of the battle they have come to see rolls to and fro; the ingenious people with their periscope arrangements for seeing over the crowd's heads. All these and other time-worn sights greet you as old friends.

To me the lure of the Cup is that vast, palpitating, swaying concourse of my fellow-men.

The Final broadens one's view. It teaches one that there are other pebbles on the human beach besides oneself. And the fact that we are all out for a day's holiday, a day's sport, makes us friends, even if we support different teams.

I prefer a Cup Final crowd to a racing crowd any day. Of course there is betting at the Final, but the average man does not go in the hope of making money. There must be something in an event which, without gambling, can draw together 100,000 men. And probably the real lure of the Cup is the Briton's virile love of a physical contest.

NORMAN FRASER.



CANNIBAL TROUT.

THE TACTICS TO USE AGAINST THEM.

Trout do not live only on flies, but on a "mixed diet" of flies, larvæ, minnows, and small fish, either of their own or other species.

Sometimes they confine themselves almost entirely to other fish, and then become what are known as "cannibal trout."

There are, however, cannibal trout and cannibal trout, and there is a great difference between him of the great river like the Thames, and him of the Highland burn.

The latter is an ill-looking fellow, thin and poor in condition; but the Thames "cannibal" is a shapely, splendid-looking monster.

The explanation is simple. The marauder of the small stream turns cannibal because there is not enough food for him. He can only get enough by chasing and catching his relatives, and they are not easily caught. The result is that he is generally lean and hungry.

In rivers, however, like the Thames, which swarms with small fish of all kinds, the cannibal has not to look far for a square meal, and waxes fat and comely.

Your best chance, then, of catching a fine specimen of a cannibal trout is in the Thames or some other big river which is well stocked with coarse fish as well as with trout.

Gravel shallows just above or below deep holes are the cannibal trout's favourite hunting grounds, and the best time to try for him is early morning or late evening. If he is unfashionable in his early rising, he is quite "smart" in his liking for a late dinner.

Now, being a cannibal, ordinary flies have no attractions for him—at least, very seldom—and you must use a regular "whopper" of a fly.

Practically any salmon fly will do, but the Silver Doctor, March Brown, and Dusty Miller patterns may be specially recommended.

Most angling authorities are agreed that the cannibal trout does not take the big fly because he thinks it is an insect, but because it looks to him like a small fish. Therefore, your method of casting with the big fly must be different from that employed in ordinary trout-fishing. To begin with, it is better to fish down-stream than up.

The next point is that the fly must be made to move jerkily under the water. This is done by giving continual little pulls from the rod-top. The great thing is to keep the line taut, and this is one reason why you should always cast down-stream if possible.

You must use a pretty heavy line and stout gut. You need not be afraid of frightening the fish with the latter, for the cannibal is not nearly so shy of gut as the surface-feeding trout.

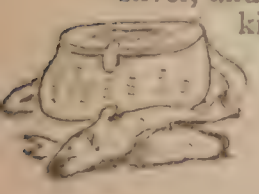
It is advisable to have plenty of line—say sixty yards—on the reel. Success depends to a great extent on getting a long line out down-stream, and, moreover, if you hook a five or six-pounder he will take some holding and playing. Not that you need have much fear of losing him, for the cannibal trout as a rule hooks himself very firmly, and, indeed, you need scarcely "strike" him at all.

Anglers will often tell you tales of having missed a monster through striking too quickly, but probably the big fellow did not mean to take the fly at all. He just came and looked at it, and not liking what he saw went away again. If a cannibal means business nothing will stop him, and even if you strike too quickly he will come at the fly again, just as he would at a minnow he had missed. As a rule, however, he will hook himself whether you strike or not.

The foam below a weir is a very likely spot for a cannibal, but remember that it is practically useless to try for cannibal trout except at their regular feeding times.

There are few pleasanter moments in fishing than when in the cool of the early morning or the falling dusk of evening you see a gleam of gold or silver, and an instant later are fast in a cannibal king.

C. B. Martin.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS.

I take this the earliest opportunity of thanking most heartily those readers who have telegraphed, who have written, and who have called to congratulate me on the decision of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice Bray, and Mr. Justice Bankes, regarding our alleged Contempt of Court.

A report of the case appears on page 3.

I shall endeavour to write to each of these friends personally, but, as you will understand, the past few weeks have been particularly busy ones, and I trust that I may be excused for any delay which may occur in acknowledging personally these congratulations.

The next move on the board is Mr. Bottomley's civil action against us for libel.

Regarding the two previous actions, in which he has failed, I said that I regarded these matters with perfect equanimity. I repeat that statement in regard to the civil action which has still to be tried.

MEN AND BEASTS.

"Why is it," asks a reader, "that a man finds so much satisfaction in the friendship of a horse or a dog? They cannot talk to him, but still he is fond of them, often more fond of them than he is of his fellow men."

I am afraid that it would be impossible for me to give a thorough and scientific explanation of the problem which my friend puts to me. Psychology is a subject which has always fascinated me very much, dealing, as it does, with the analysis of emotions and sentiments. In that science animal psychology and child psychology are regarded as highly important, because in the case of animals and children the emotions can, in many cases, be more easily studied, because they are less complex, and are not obscured by other elements which are found in adult psychology.

The kiss of a child, or the caress of a horse when he rubs his velvety muzzle into your hand or against your cheek, are much more convincing than the most delicate compliment that can possibly be paid to you by a grown man or woman.

If a child or an animal expresses a liking for you, you know that there is no pretence about it, and you are glad that you have deserved their expression of goodwill.

A man likes children for their simplicity and honesty. He likes a dog because of its sympathy and absolute devotion to him. But in his liking for a horse, there seems to be another element altogether. You like your horse because he likes you to take him out and ride him; you like him because he whinnies when he hears your footsteps on the gravel, but I think that there is another reason why you like him, and that is because he is so much bigger and stronger than you are.

When you are standing beside him, or when you are on his back, you seem, somehow or another, to acquire a kind of borrowed energy. Add to this the fact that he is by no means always your humble servant, and that at times he has opinions of his own. It is this occasional opinionativeness that makes a horse lovable to a man just as it does a woman. If a horse or a woman always agreed with you I believe that you would lose interest in them.

I remember the first time I mounted Atholl. I bought him raw, on condition that his then owner should have him broken to the saddle before delivering him to me. A week later he was brought to my house, and I mounted him.

I did it carelessly, supposing that he had now been broken to the saddle, and that was quiet. He showed me otherwise by very neatly bucking and tipping me off over his shoulder. I liked him the better for doing so. I at once mounted him again, this time prepared for trouble, and that afternoon I rode him till he was tired, and more or less submissive.

At that period he was anything but what you would describe as a good saddle horse. He shied at pigs, goats, and small children, why, I do not know; but it took me a long time to convince him that these were harmless.

I do not regret having bought him half-broken, for I had the pleasure of moulding his manners according to my own ideas, and I think that it is better for a man to buy a horse either unbroken or half-broken, and to do the rest of the business himself, provided he has the patience, than for him to buy a horse that has been educated by some one else.

I have been thrown from horses more than once, but not very frequently. Certainly I forgave Atholl at once for having thrown me on that particular occasion, for I ought to have been more circumspect in mounting him, but I found it very difficult to forgive him when, on another occasion, he threw a particular friend of mine, and almost broke his neck. It was after his doing so that I gave him the only solid thrashing that I believe he has ever had.

TO THOSE WHO CAN WRITE.

I have before me a letter from a reader in Westminster. He says:

"Dear Sir,—I shall be glad if you will inform me if you are prepared to consider short articles on topical subjects for your paper. If so, I shall be pleased to submit several for your inspection."

I would not have mentioned the matter if it were not that I am constantly receiving similar letters. Of course this and every other up-to-date paper is prepared to consider articles written by anybody, for it is by buying articles and stories, by printing them, and selling them at a penny a time to the public that we make our living. We are always prepared to consider contributions, but the purchase of them is another matter, and depends wholly upon their merits.

PARTNERS THE WORLD OVER.

I am happy to be able to say that I now number amongst my partners readers in all quarters of the world, as well as at home.

I am desirous that this paper should spread its influence wherever the English language is spoken, and nothing helps more to the realisation of this ideal, than to have as many partners as possible scattered throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

It is noticeable that the majority of overseas readers who have become shareholders in The Modern Man, Ltd., have invested very large sums of money, which tends to show that a man has, perhaps, better opportunities in some of our Colonies for becoming wealthy than he has in the land of his birth.

Be that as it may, I welcome new partners both at home and abroad, and for the convenience of those who desire to invest money in this Company I print an application form for shares on the second page of the cover.

Those who apply for shares on that application form will receive, free of all cost, one fully-paid £1 Deferred Share with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares that is allotted to them.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

PROTECTING THE BIRDS.

HOW THE OPEN-AIR MAN CAN STOP WANTON CRUELTY.

Just now, with the whole world of nature waking to a glorious fresh activity, the brute and the thoughtless destroyer of life and beauty are also abroad in the land. When the sun gains power and the hedges begin to be faintly tinged with a green mist, the wild creatures—blackbirds, thrushes, robins, hedge-sparrows, wrens, and some of the commoner finches—show the most unwise haste in starting domestic life.

Nesting sites are chosen by these early birds—probably the young of the previous year, and therefore the least experienced—with no apparent regard for concealment.

Simultaneously with this nesting energy, the boys of the village and the outer suburb leave their tops and marbles, desert the public highways as a playground, and like tramps of an older growth make for the byways and the fields..

The instinct for destruction is strongly developed in them; they know nothing of the subdued and regulated ambition and practices of the trained naturalist and the collector, but, filled with an unsatiable appetite for mischief, they tear down every nest within reach.

Those that are out of reach are pelted with stones and rubbish until rendered uninhabitable by the builders.

Long practice has made these young marauders expert bird-nesters. They miss nothing in either hedge, picking out the nests with ease, and distinguishing at a glance those that are old—*i.e.*, last year's nests—and those that are newly built.

The bird-lover, following in the boys' tracks, sees nothing but a trail of destruction. The banks are trampled and disfigured, and the nests are strewn about on the ground or left hanging in tatters from the hedges.

A very large part of this wilful destruction is done on Sunday afternoons, when the boys have what is often their only chance to roam beyond the village street.

Playing truant from Sunday School, they will wander in bands over the country-side, and the sum of their destruction is very great.

It is common knowledge that the Wild Birds' Protection Act is almost a dead letter. It is very seldom put into practical force, though nominally it is adopted by most county councils.

But these bodies usually content themselves with an advertisement in the local paper setting out the names of birds and eggs that are protected," and there the matter ends. Perhaps a notice on the subject gets as far as the door of the village church—where it is certainly never read, and may never be seen, by those whom it chiefly concerns. The rest is left to chance, nature, and the "little vulgar boy."

There is no reason why this ruthless destruction of birds' nests should continue. To-day in every village there are men and women who take a deep and intelligent interest in natural history generally and in bird life particularly.

Many are members of the Selborne Society, while others are unattached, but all of them have it in their power, at practically no expense, to put an end to the practices of these youthful brigands.

If Nature-lovers would keep their eyes open, and perhaps carry through a prosecution of one of the boys, the moral effect would be enormous. The knowledge that even one person in half-a-dozen villages was on the look-out for offenders would make the youngsters much more careful.

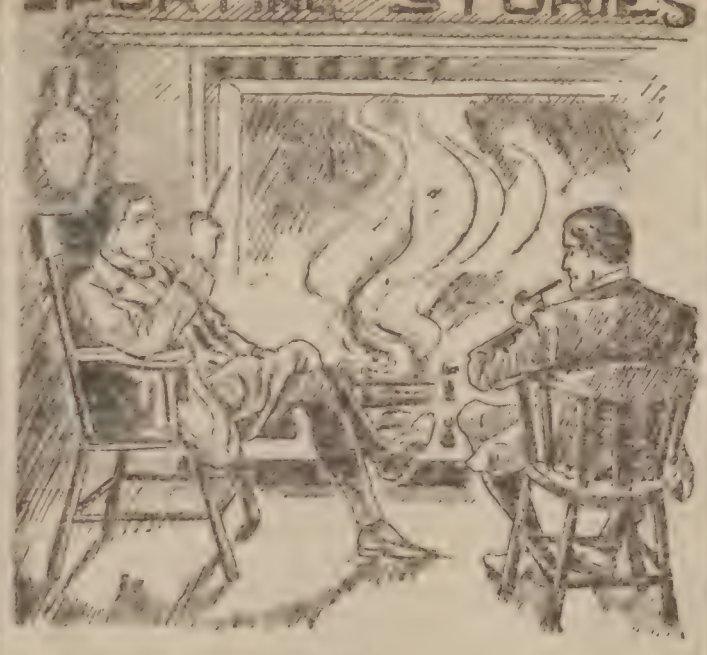
They would think "each bush an officer," and would hold their destroying hands.

If the village constable could be moved to show a little energy in this direction the effect would be still more salutary.

Bird's-nesting is a fascinating occupation to boys of all ages, and there are some of us who would practise the art in defiance of all the laws of all the parliaments and county councils; but for wilful and senseless destruction there can be no excuse.

J. G. HAYWARD.

SPORTING STORIES



TALL.

It was at the club, and the man who alleged that he was a great traveller was entertaining the company with descriptions of the marvels he had seen.

"When you were in Austria," remarked the quiet man, "did you go up the Danube?"

"Of course I did," replied the traveller. "I climbed it to the very summit, and without a guide."

THE BACHELOR'S ERROR.

There was a warm hand-shake as Smith's old 'Varsity pal bounced into the room.

Smith had been married for some little time, and fortune had been kind to him and his wife.

The baby was fetched down by the nurse for inspection, and Smith's friend was delighted with it.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "Who knows what the future may hold for him? He may be Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He may be a great physician or an eminent judge. But I think, old chap, that you ought to make him first and foremost a sportsman. See that he gets every encouragement to take up football, wrestling, riding, and all other manly sports. By the way, what are you going to call him?"

"Violet Emily," replied the happy father.

NOT LAZY.

The man who knew nothing about horses, but who wanted to appear a bit of a sport, offered to take some friends who were staying with him for a drive.

He went to the local job-master's and asked for something very quiet, and he got it.

The drive was only moderately successful, but nobody could say that the horse was not quiet. Nothing would persuade it to break into a trot. When it was not walking, it was standing still and turning its head round meditatively.

When the man took it back to the job-master he complained bitterly.

"This horse," he said, "made a fool of me. At every hundred yards he stopped and would not move."

"That just shows what a kind horse he is," said the jobmaster. "He's so afraid that you might say whoa, and that he wouldn't hear you, that he just stops from time to time to listen."

CONJURING.

12 mysterious novelties, complete, 7d., post free. Vandy's new wonder box, 1s. 3d., post free, Catalogue included.

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SELF-CONFIDENCE.

ITS IMPORTANCE IN A MAN'S LIFE.

Many men suffer from a lack of self-confidence, and the man who is a victim to this failing will find it worth his while to endeavour to conquer it.

He has the ability to do more, and is mentally equipped for a far better position than that which he at present occupies; but he plods along year after year with but little, if any, increase in his salary, simply because he is afraid to assert his knowledge.

He is always haunted by the fear that perhaps, after all, he will not be successful if he undertakes any fresh work, and so he hesitates to push himself forward. The man who hesitates is lost, for while he is endeavouring to summon up the necessary courage someone else steps in.

He sees with dismay others, less experienced and less able than he knows himself to be, getting better positions, and leaving him far behind, and as he gets on in years he finds that an employer will not pay him the salary that his age demands, and so he has to step aside and allow his place to be taken by a younger man.

Now for a cure. Perhaps there is a man in your office whom you have often envied as he ascends the ladder of success step by step. Say to yourself that you will keep pace with him, and, if possible, pass him. Make this your goal. To strive with this end in view will quicken your enthusiasm, and make the fight much more interesting and your victory more sure. Remember that if you risk nothing, you win nothing.

H. BURSLEM.

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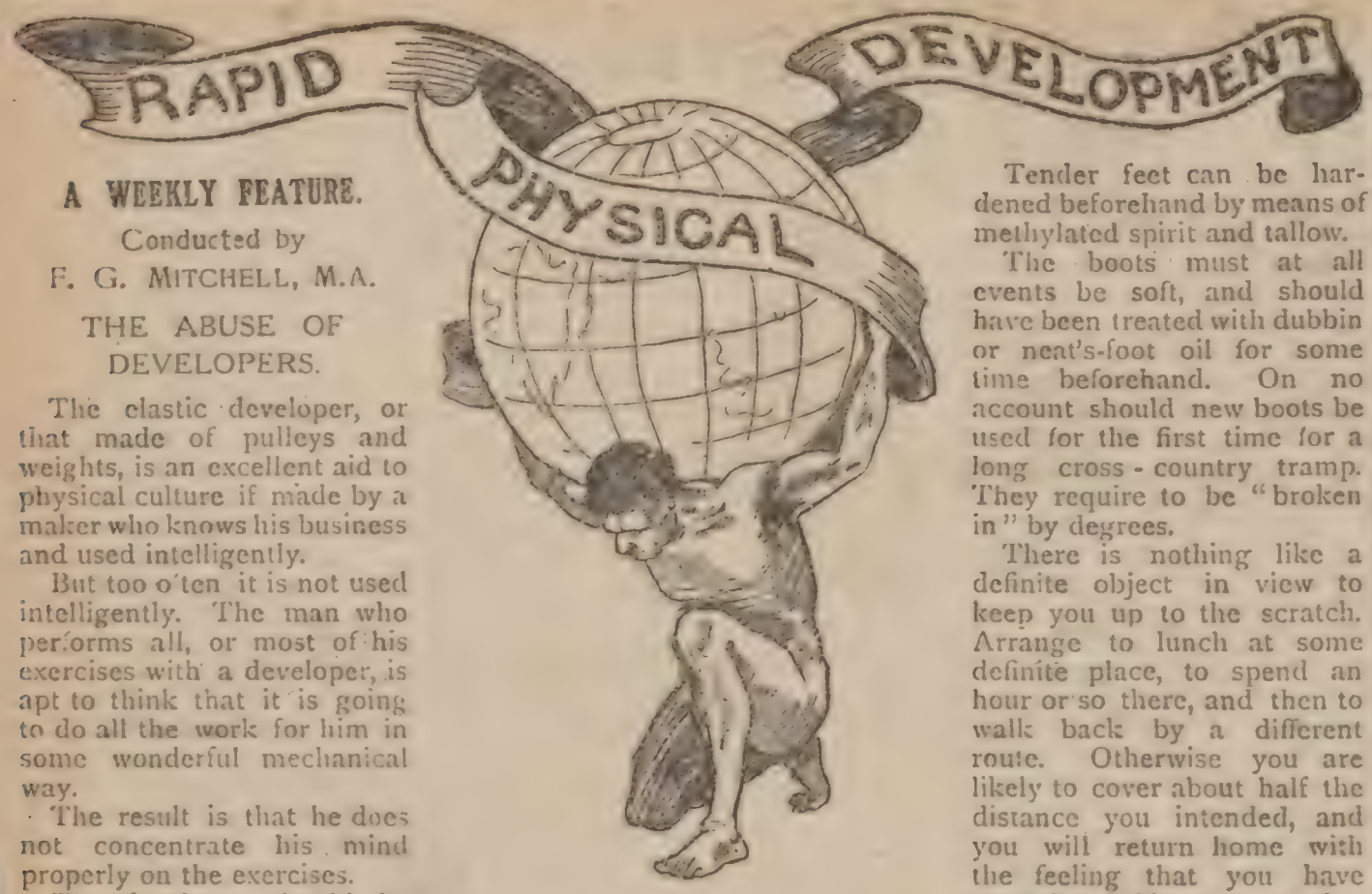


A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE ABUSE OF DEVELOPERS.

The elastic developer, or that made of pulleys and weights, is an excellent aid to physical culture if made by a maker who knows his business and used intelligently.

But too often it is not used intelligently. The man who performs all, or most of his exercises with a developer, is apt to think that it is going to do all the work for him in some wonderful mechanical way.

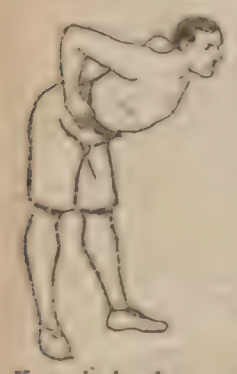
The result is that he does not concentrate his mind properly on the exercises.

The developer should be used simply to provide resistance against the muscles. In many exercises, such as those I have given, one set of muscles can be used to provide the necessary resistance against another set, but to exercise many muscles some outside aid is necessary.

But purely mechanical movements with or without the developer are useless. In the case of resistance exercises without the developer a certain amount of concentration is necessary, if the movements are to be performed at all, but when the resistance on one side is supplied by the developer, there is great danger of the exercise becoming merely mechanical.

FOR ALL THE BACK MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet separated and place the hands on the hips, fingers to the front and thumbs to the rear.


Keep the head up.

Hollow the back and bend forward slowly from the hips, forcing the body down as far as it will go without rounding the back or allowing the head to come forward.

The elbows must be forced inwards towards each other.

The strain will tell on the muscles at the back of the legs as well as on those of the back, especially those between the shoulders.

The most essential points are to keep the head thrown back from the beginning of the exercise and not to bend the knees.

HINTS FOR WALKERS.

Easter Monday is dedicated by many men to a good tramp across country, while many others spend it on the march with various Territorial infantry corps which take the opportunity of a long week-end's training.

But all too often the enjoyment of the day is spoilt by the lack of a few precautions to prevent the unwonted exertion telling on the body, and especially on the feet.

Thick socks, preferably woollen, are the first essential. Some walkers wear a pair of cotton, or even silk, socks, next to the skin and woollen ones over them. In any case the socks must not be darned at all.

Before being put on the socks should be turned inside out and smeared with soap or dusted over with boracic powder. This will prevent chafing and soreness of the feet.

Tender feet can be hardened beforehand by means of methylated spirit and tallow.

The boots must at all events be soft, and should have been treated with dubbin or neat's-foot oil for some time beforehand. On no account should new boots be used for the first time for a long cross-country tramp. They require to be "broken in" by degrees.

There is nothing like a definite object in view to keep you up to the scratch. Arrange to lunch at some definite place, to spend an hour or so there, and then to walk back by a different route. Otherwise you are likely to cover about half the distance you intended, and you will return home with the feeling that you have wasted a golden opportunity.

FOR THE TRICEPS.

This exercise is intended to develop principally the triceps, the large muscle at the back of the arm. It depends rather on the proper contraction of those muscles than on any series of movements.

Stand erect with the legs in any easy position. Throw out the chest, hollow the back and keep the head back.

Hold the hands in the position illustrated and force the arms backward as far as they will go.

Keep the upper part of the arms close to the side all the time, and, of course, keep the arms unbent at the elbow.

For developing the upper arms.

Having contracted the muscles in this way, remain in the position illustrated for a few seconds, then relax the muscles and repeat the process about ten times.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND NERVES.

Although "nerves" are supposed to belong solely to women, while men have only "nerve," it must be admitted that most men have attacks of "nerves" at times.

They may be caused by overwork, by worry, by reverses, or even by an unhealthy mode of life, but in most cases a course of physical culture will provide the remedy.

It demands concentration, and takes the mind off the cause of the trouble.

It calms the whole nervous system and improves the circulation, which is often more closely connected with a nervous attack than one might imagine.

The stock advice for a man who is on the verge of a nervous breakdown is "Don't worry." And very good advice it is, but if he is not to worry, he must have some occupation or interest which will prevent his doing so by directing his mind into healthier channels.

If he can bring himself to take up physical exercises keenly in his leisure time, the loneliest of men should find it a powerful antidote to any nervous trouble.

Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of **all: "IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any who send addressed postcard to

MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

THE VALE.

LIFE IN A TYPICAL CORNER OF ENGLAND.

We are an exclusive and clannish folk in the Vale, but this is accounted to us for righteousness among ourselves. Foreigners, by which we mean those who come among us from parts beyond the hills, and therefore outside the Vale, are never received with more than courtesy and at best a lukewarm welcome.

Ages and ages of isolation have helped to develop this characteristic among us. That we have "kept ourselves to ourselves" and minded our own business so successfully has, however, been rather from force of circumstances than from any inherent aloofness from the concerns of others.

These circumstances have been too strong for us and altogether beyond our control, seeing that they are nothing less than a great range of hills, bare, smooth, and chalky, on one hand, and a broad river on the other hand. So that had we wanted to mingle with the world beyond the range, Nature would have had a word to say in opposition.

To see the pastoral contentment and fatness amidst which we live, it is necessary, or rather easiest, to look down upon us from the sharply outlined escarpment of the hills.

From any point along a brow of ten miles and more our rural fastness may be looked upon like a map. The country is cut up into many, many fields, and few of them are ploughed. The hedges are thick and luxuriant; there are many farms but few villages; there are numbers of long, low, thatched barns; and goodly store of high, round, fat hayricks; and cattle everywhere.

Dairying is our staple industry, with its butter and cheese-making adjuncts. It is our boast that no milk is so rich as that from the cows of the Vale, no butter so tasty, or so worthy of first prize at the shows; and no cheese so choice and flavourful as ours.

We are off every beaten track, and must take a morning's walk (or an hour or two of riding) before we can join up with the outer world. In consequence, we are great horsemen, judges of horseflesh, fond of a race-meeting, and proficient in most old sports.

The foxes—and the hounds—of the Vale are renowned, and many are the great runs that some of us can remember o' nights while sitting on the high-backed settle well inside the parlour of the inn. Indeed it is remarkable how often our talk runs round to the doings of the pack and the gossip from the kennels.

Among our people some of the oldest songs of the chase, and of good brown ale, and of rosy-cheeked lasses are as fresh as ever, while the busier world has replaced them with the passing ribaldries of the music-halls.

By "foreigners" we are regarded as slow of speech, gait, and wit; but if this is a true criticism we can boast that we keep the pace that kills outside our lives, and that we have managed to exist very well on what we have.

If length of pedigree were all that is meant by aristocracy, then some of us are aristocrats indeed. The long, low, comfortable radiating farmhouses of the Vale have been in the occupation of representatives of the same families for many a generation.

Where so many men have such far-stretching ancestry, tradition holds sway in much that goes to make up our daily life; and he who would bring new methods into our midst must come with the best credentials if he would be successful.

In short, we are proud to be men of the Vale, and we love the full, earthy, straight and simple, if hard, life we lead. It suits us, and, well, if this is so, it's nobody's business but our own.

J. C. HAYWARD.

The Art of Full Contraction,

OR

The Secret of Size.

THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE UP TO DATE.

By THOMAS INCH, Britain's Strongest Man.

INCH—Britain's Strongest Man.

I am about to deal with a very important subject indeed, and it is meet that an important issue of THE MODERN MAN should be the one to publish this article.

It will be interesting to study how it has come about that I am publishing this new and, as far as I am concerned, extraordinary method.

Some time ago a certain gentleman wagered that I would not reach certain measurements.

On reaching London, at the age of 21, my measurements were :

Chest (expanded)	43in.
Biceps	15in.
Calf	15in.
Thigh	22in.
Weight	144lbs.

I saw the necessity of increasing my measurements and was able to do so with the greatest ease.

On making the wager referred to my measurements were :

Neck	16in.
Chest (expanded)	46in.
Waist	33in.
Thigh	24½in.
Biceps	16½in.
Forearm	13¼in.

At the end of six months, when I easily won the wager, my measurements were :

Neck	18¼in.
Chest (expanded)	53in.
Waist	35½in.
Thigh	27½in.
Biceps	19½in.
Forearm	14½in.
Calf	17½in.

I continued with my exercises and reached 19⅞in. biceps, 15in. forearm. I offered to gain 21in. biceps and 56in. or 60in. chest (I forget which), but the wager was not accepted.

Recently, however, on the occasion of a gentleman staying at my private residence and seeing me personally go through my exercises, he stated that I appeared to be exercising in a manner that he had never yet seen anyone do before. To use his own expression, my positions were "weird."

I discussed the matter with him, and pointed out that they were exercises taken from my different charts.

He said : "They may be the same exercises, but you have a different way of doing them, and I believe it is the secret of your personal development and remarkable measurements."

I at once recognised that there was something in the idea. I remembered the correspondence when I gained my large measurements.

Of course, it is true that the INCH system has given undoubted satisfaction, and many pupils have readily gained in a short space of time 4in. to 6in. increased chest measurement, and 2in. or 3in. increased biceps measurement.

Still, I have often thought that it was strange, out of my thousands of pupils, no one has been able to equal or approach what I personally have done in the way of Physical Development and Weight-lifting.

I have not altered the old INCH system particularly—**it is not a question of exercises so much as the way in which they must be performed.**

I recognised that this important matter could not possibly be dealt with by the artist's pen, and went specially to the only photographer who, I believe, could satisfactorily take the large number of necessary photographic poses of myself, and personally illustrated the right and wrong way of doing my exercises.

The beauty of this method is that, once mastered, it can be applied to any system or systems.

INCH—Britain's Strongest Man.

If you learn the right method of using the chest expander you at once know how to apply it to the wall exerciser **on any system.**

If you learn the correct method of performing my dumb-bell movements you can apply the same method to any other dumb-bell system in the world.

I mention this because I recognise that whilst *every* reader must be deeply interested in this most important departure, yet, in spite of the very good following which I have, other Physical Culture authorities have their following; but whilst a Physical Culturist might not be led to take up my system, he will certainly wish to do his favourite exercises properly.

If a muscle be partly contracted it will only partly develop.

To explain what the above means in a simple way, I will say that if an exercise for the biceps is performed in such a way that the biceps are only one-tenth contracted, it will take ten weeks to get the same results as would be obtained in one week if the biceps each time were fully contracted.

I think sufficient has been said to whet the appetite of every reader for more. I have printed a limited issue of a most important work with the same title as this article, *i.e.*, **"The Art of Full Contraction."**

It is offered absolutely gratis to anyone who cares to apply, mentioning "THE MODERN MAN."

You are invited to write to me on the matter at the earliest possible moment. My address is

DEPT. M.M.,

MUNSTER HOUSE, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

PRIMROSE TIME.

WHEN COLOUR BEGINS TO FLOOD THE WOODS AND SUNNY BANKS.

They have been flaunted in our faces for many days already along the City kerbstone. "Nice primreowses, pinny a bench," has become a familiar cry once again, from many a shawl-enveloped flower-woman.

These are the forced and travelled specimens that have lost half their beauty, most of their freshness, and, for a countryman who appreciates the real thing, a large part of their associations.

Still, even the drooping and bruised bunches that find purchasers in the City streets give a taste for the primrose in its lonely, wooded setting, and send the thoughts and desires running away from desk and warehouse to any outlandish spot that the individual man can recollect.

In all Nature's colour schemes—and sure enough they are infinitely varied—there is none so inspiriting, delightful, harmonious, and quietly refreshingly attractive as a spring bank well sprinkled with primroses in all stages of bloom.

The snowdrop may assure the watcher that the turn of the year has come, though it may turn with snow; the fragrant violet may suggest the same thing, but the primrose bank seems a surer promise, and something more than a promise. It has a certain aspect of fulfilment in its prodigal, starry brightness.

The first glimpse of such a scene is worth all the rest of the summer's wealth of colour.

Frequently the first glimpse of such a bank is gained on some week-end train journey. There is too little shelter, too scanty a depth of soil in the cuttings along the suburban lines where we live to give much of a home to primroses.

But one day we set out for, it may be, the first spring week-end, and we pass beyond the town belt.

The train dives along past woods, deep and tinged with green. Then it passes between high banks, each crowned with the neat, typical railway hedge of hawthorn, with here and there a single tree trained above the general level of the hedge.

Here there is too little shelter, and though the sandy banks are well covered with greenness there are as yet no pale yellow flowers.

Not far ahead, however, the bank grows higher and higher, and up its slopes are dotted small trees and shrubs—hawthorn, elder, birch with silvery trunks and delicate twigs, and many more.

On the ground there is a dry, rich brown hue, partly earth where many rabbits have scraped and burrowed in security ever since the railway was built, partly the last leaves of last year's fall. Through it all the new growth of the year is gradually rising, and, best sight of all, the brown and green serve as a background for the first primrose flowers.

One ought to throw the pen away at this point, if indeed not before. For what pen—what sensitive, expressive pen—can ever hope to put into words the feelings that such a sight calls forth?

There is the bank, shining with its yellow loveliness as no bank ever shone before. The primroses—even on the quiet, overcast days that sometimes come along while everything is beginning to grow—seem to create their own sunshine. As you pass the bank where they are blossoming a new light seems to be shed around, and you look upward for the sun that you fancy must at last have pierced the clouds. But no! It is the light of the primrose bank.

With this to illuminate the mind one can go on to imagine all the rest of the year's pageant—right away to the harvest and the golden autumn—and the picture has no melancholy in it.

Even the drab hues of the scuttling rabbits seem to enhance the shining light of the clear primrose blossoms.

From the moment of this first glimpse there is no looking backward. Summer is on the way, and it rests with ourselves to see that as little as may be of all its delight is missed before another winter comes down from the north and sends all things back to sleep.

C. Easton-Grey.

HOW THEY MANAGE TO EVADE THE STREET BETTING ACT.

When, a few years ago, the Act was passed making betting on the ready-money principle illegal; and in this way banning the system of street-betting which had always been conducted on these lines, it was fondly hoped by those responsible for the Act that the street bookie would go out of business, and that the working-man would be debarred from having his occasional "flutter."

But that these hopes were woefully ill-founded is shown by the fact that the evening sheets which make a speciality of racing "tips" and reports have just as good a morning circulation as before, and that fat men are to be observed skulking about narrow courts and holding occasional converse with sporting strangers in the same good old way.

OUTWITTING THE LAW.

The only difference is that no money or "slips" are ever to be found on the fat men aforesaid. These fat men have set their brains working; and there is no doubt that they have managed to be a little cleverer than the law.

One of the "dodges" in vogue now is fairly ingenious. This is how it is worked, though, of course, it admits of a good many variations.

The bookie stands in his usual place, and his "clients" have their bets on without saying one word. One particular newspaper is used by the bookie and it is understood that the horses in each race are to be given numbers according to their position in the list of runners published in that paper.

Suppose, for instance, that a man wants to back a horse. He looks at his paper, finds that it is, say, fourth on the list of runners—so that as he passes the bookie in the street he casually closes his hand in such a manner that four fingers are extended—and so on.

HOW THE MONEY PASSES.

The system of paying over the stake is for the punter to leave it at some shop—in most cases a barber's or a tobacconist's—with the proprietor of which the bookie has made a secret arrangement. To allow the latter to know how much is to be invested the bettor uses some agreed upon sign—say, a slight nod of the head for every shilling he wants on. The arrangement, of course, is that if the penciller finds on consulting the shopkeeping stakeholder that the money has not been deposited, he will not pay out over a win, nor will he bet with that particular client again.

In a good many cases a bookie will enlist the services of an obliging barmaid or barman, whose proprietor or manager does not keep too strict a watch on his or her actions.

The bookie sits in the bar all day; and people who want to bet come in and, adopting the [illegible] sort of numerical principle as before [illegible] the barmaid for, say, "six of Scotch," and [illegible] ing a coin big enough to cover the drink [illegible] *bet*, have the amount of the bet deducted [illegible] the change is given.

The amount of the bet is shown by the drink "Scotch," for instance, will perhaps mean five shillings, "gin" may stand for half a crown, "rum" for a shilling, and so on.

Here, again, the silent bookie knows how his book stands; and if he feels disinclined to [illegible] any more money on any horse he waves his [illegible] or shifts his legs, and the barmaid, understanding, takes no money, except the price of the drink. And the punter, equally enlightened, goes off in search of some other bookie.

R. Castle.

MANGLED MOTTOES.

People who live in glass-houses [illegible] pull down the blinds.

* * *

A "whisky hot" by any other name would go down just as well.

* * *

You can lead a man to the altar, but you can't make him say "I will."

CLUB NEWS.

NEWCASTLE.—The Newcastle and [illegible] Modern Man Club will hold a smoking [illegible] in the Crow's Nest Hotel, Barras Bridge, on Wednesday, April 26th. Tickets, which cost [illegible] each, can be had from the secretary, Mr. [illegible] Forster, 26, Avenue Road, Gateshead.

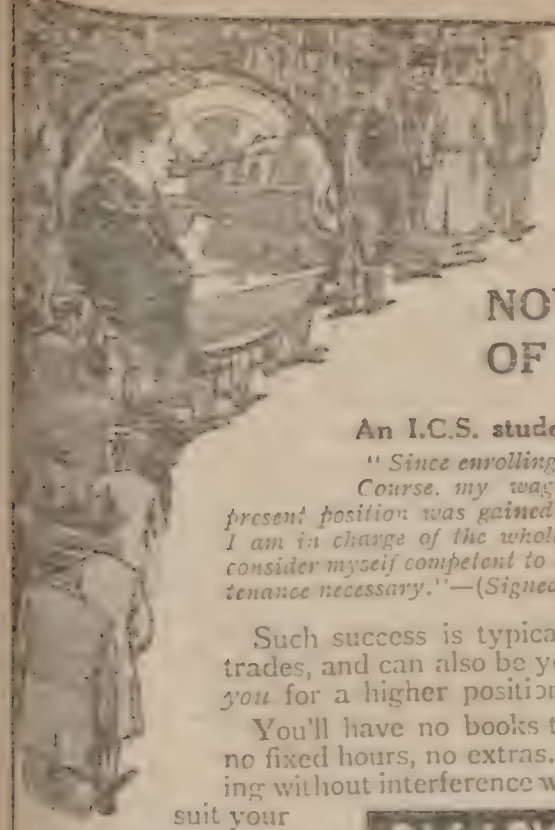
BRISTOL.—The Bristol Modern Man Club has now secured a club-room at the Dolphin [illegible] High Street, where the club meets every [illegible] evening. All Bristol readers are invited to be up at one of these gatherings, and to become members of the club, as it is the desire of the [illegible] to have permanent headquarters, which will be open every evening, and these will be [illegible] soon as the number of members is sufficiently large.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. H. K. Blundell has been elected Hon. Secretary of the Nottingham Modern Man Club. His address is 4, The Grove, Sherwood, Nottingham, and all Nottingham readers should communicate with him.

SOUTH LONDON.—The South London Modern Man Club has secured club-rooms at 188, High Street, Peckham. The building is very central and convenient, as trams and motor-buses to and from all parts pass the door. The premises are open from 8 to 11 every night, except Friday. On Saturdays they are open from 3 to 11. All readers in the South London district are cordially invited to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Malcolm McIntosh. His private address is 4, Derwent Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.

MR. WOOD'S FAMOUS PICTURE.—The black-and-white drawing made by Mr. Stanley L. Wood of the man and horse has now become part and parcel of the idea of this paper. A miniature reproduction of it in metal forms the League badge, and a larger reproduction of it appears on our first page, beside the title, each week. We shall be glad to send a large-sized reproduction of this picture, measuring 25in. by 19in., to the secretary of any Modern Man Club which may desire to have one of these art plates. No charge is made, and we shall send the picture post free. No advertising matter of any kind appears upon it. This offer does not apply to any except the club secretaries, as the number of these plates available is extremely small. We are not offering them for sale to the general public.

THE MODERN MAN WHISKY.—Messrs. G. Ellis and Son, wine and spirit merchants, Anerley, London, S.E., have put on the market, with our permission, a special brand of whisky known as The Modern Man whisky. Clubs will be supplied at 42s. 6d. a dozen, delivered, and samples bottles will be sent post free for 3s. 9d., on application to that firm.



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JOIN OUR LEAGUE TO-DAY.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge ...	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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The League Badge Actual size.

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There are two great advantages to buyers of this suit—it is ready for immediate dispatch—no waiting while it is being made—if you want a suit you want it now—and the other great advantage is you can buy from us privately by post and pay monthly privately by post.

SEND 4/- ONLY.

Give your height, chest measurements over the vest, and colour preferred, and 35s. "Cambridge" Suit is sent you, pay 4s. on delivery, and 4s. 6d. monthly. This extraordinary offer of this smart, fashionable suit on easy terms is to all readers of this paper.

Remember, by sending to Masters' of Rye you have satisfaction guaranteed by a firm established 41 years, no risk—no disappointment—a guarantee of good fit almost as if the most minute measurements had been taken—comfort and style are the leading features in this really smart suit—as the illustration shows, there is half strap at the waist, which secures for the wearer that smart fit so much admired, and gives ease and comfort with every movement of the body.

Now that you can buy this class of suit on easy terms, there is no excuse for you to be otherwise than dressed in good style. The "Cambridge" suit is made in splendid hard-wearing cloths, in the up-to-date, latest shades and mixtures, dark and light browns, greens, and dark check tweeds. Perfect cut, fit and finish throughout. Send 4s. with chest and height measurements and ask for the "Cambridge" Suit.

Patterns may be had on application.

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay to clients £483,420.

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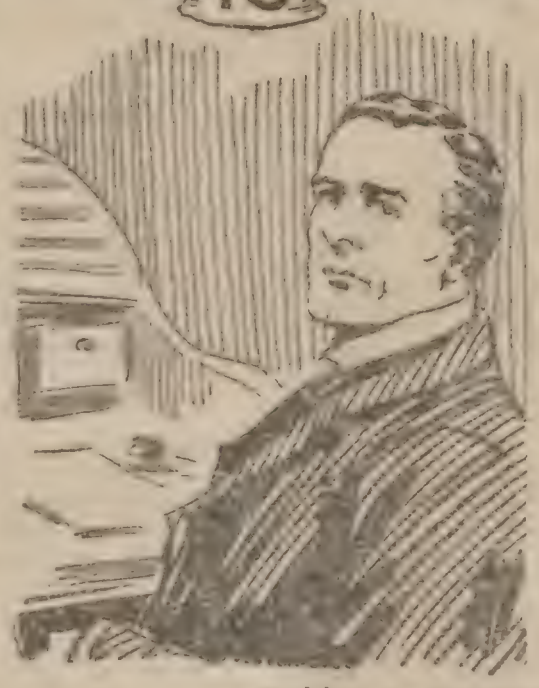
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

APPOINTMENTS.



Some men's business life is made up of appointments, and every hour of their day is mapped out beforehand.

If interviews are an essential part of their work this is unavoidable in order that their time and that of those with whom they do business may not be wasted.

But it is a very sound principle to keep clear of appointments so far as is reasonably possible. They are a frequent source of annoyance to the man who has other office work to attend to.

The man who has an appointment for a definite hour feels annoyed if he is kept waiting. If he had come on the chance of obtaining an interview he would have waited contentedly until the man he wanted to see was disengaged.

The result is that the maker of the appointment is apt to break off in the middle of some important business, or, perhaps, to postpone the beginning of it in order that he may keep his promise.

An elastic appointment, say for some time between three and five o'clock or for a certain morning, is usually a far more satisfactory arrangement.

The caller can look in at whatever time suits him best, and can be certain of seeing his man as soon as he is disengaged, but he cannot feel that he has the right to see him at any particular moment, and does not feel the same resentment if he is kept waiting.

If he is wise, he will choose a time as early as possible within the prescribed limits, for otherwise the man he wants to see, if he remembers the appointment, begins to wonder when he is coming and to think he may have forgotten, and he becomes irritated in consequence.

It is almost as bad to arrive too early for an appointment as too late. It is better to wait on the doorstep for a quarter of an hour than to send in your name before the hour of the appointment.

Of course, everything depends on the relative standing of the two parties concerned. If you are interviewing or attempting to get business from an important and busy man, it is only reasonable to expect to wait on his convenience.

Yet this is what so many makers of appointments fail to do. They seem to imagine that the other party has almost committed a breach of contract if he fails to ask them into his private office at the precise moment of the appointment.

A previous interview may have lasted longer than was expected, or an urgent telephone call may occupy some minutes. It is impossible for a business man to undertake to be free at any particular moment.

For the caller, on the other hand, to be late is an unpardonable offence. He must be there at the precise moment at which he is wanted.

For this reason it is most necessary to allow yourself a margin in arranging your journey to the office. The fact that your train or tram is late is nothing to the other man. That is your look-out.

Many a man has lost a good job through making an appointment and allowing himself only the minimum of time to keep it. A late train or a slow cab will then give him a reputation for unpunctuality which he will not be given the chance to live down.

If you have time to wait, if necessary, avoid definite appointments whenever you can.

S. T. Young.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —Editor.)

DEALING IN MARGINS.

Buying stocks and shares on margin is a losing game, taking it all the year round; but there are occasions when the prospects are favourable for operators to make a substantial profit.

The present, in my opinion, affords one of these opportunities, and a purchase of certain Home Rails at present prices will, I think, show a substantial profit on the transaction within the next few months.

I am generally averse to advising a purchase of stock unless the operator is in the position to take the stock off the market if necessary; but the present cheapness of money, with the almost certain prospect of a further reduction in the Bank Rate, or, at all events, the current rate continuing for some considerable time, makes the carrying over of stock from account to account a fairly easy matter at a reasonable cost.

Moreover, the very large amount of investment buying that has taken place lately, and that is still taking place, especially in Home Rails, naturally reduces the amount of floating stock, thereby helping the contango.

The purchaser ought to deposit with his broker a reasonable margin, such as five points, or £25 on £500 nominal stock; one or two points does not give him a fair chance.

This class of business can be done through a member of the Stock Exchange or an outside broker; but if my readers elect to deal through the latter, I should advise them to be certain they are dealing with a sound and substantial firm; otherwise they had much better not deal at all.

The Great Northern Railway Deferred stock now 56½, or the District Railway Ordinary at 32½, would be promising stocks to choose for the above transactions.

Should any of my readers wish further advice about this matter I shall be pleased to accommodate them on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway market continues firm generally, with substantial rises in places, and although the rise that has taken place is considerable, I cannot see any danger signal yet for the "bulls."

There is no doubt that a very large amount of stock will be taken up this account and for many accounts to come.

Rumours have been flying about again about East London Railway, and the very latest is that this road is to be electrified and taken over by the District and Metropolitan Railways jointly. Whether there is any truth in this or not I do not know, but the price has certainly been affected, as the Consolidated Stock, which could be bought under £4 per £100 stock last December, is quoted 8 at the time of writing, and is talked to 15.

Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares are slowly improving, and Mexican Eagles must be making an enormous profit from their one big gusher alone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[*When a private reply is desired a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*]

"EXPECTANT" (Abercarne).—1. April, 1910. 2. £120,000 authorised, £110,000 issued in fully paid 2s. shares. 3. No dividend paid yet as full year's working only completed this month. Directors will decide dividend when accounts are to hand. 4. An excellent investment with great speculative promise and practically no risk. If you wish further particulars send stamped addressed envelope.

"DEALER" (Llanelly).—The contract appears to be quite in order. The commission is about the average rate, and I think you will come well out of the deal.

L. F. (Wisbech).—Nos. 1, 4, and 5 are good risks. The others do not please me, and I should advise an exchange into something more active.

O. A. (Harrow).—Yes, I think you might safely average.

"PERPLEXED" (Dundee).—I strongly advise you not to sink any more money in the concern you mention.

M. A. (Oxford).—Your investments in Rails are good. Keep them all for better prices.

P. D. (Glasgow).—Mexican Rails will be sure to fluctuate in view of the dividend announcement which will be made before this is in print, but the road is making good progress and the course of prices will be upward in the long run.

H. S. (New Quay).—If you will let me know how much of the proceeds of your land sale you wish to put into stocks, I shall send you a list together with the name of a Stock Exchange member to do the business.

The Financial Editor.

A TURF ADVISER.

In response to various letters sent regarding Allen's Daily System Wires, we beg to inform all readers that we believe Mr. C. Allen to be a *bonâ fide* Turf adviser of several years' standing, and his booklet will give you ample proof of his statements.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SELBY SCANDAL

By ADAM STERN.

Richard Selby's friend and secretary, Jim Graill, was at work in the private office one Friday afternoon when an office-boy entered to announce that Miss Violet Lyons had called and would like to see him.

A moment or two later she came in.

She shook hands with frank friendliness, but Graill noticed that there was anxiety in her eyes. In his own, too, was a like expression.

"Mr. Selby is away, I understand," she said, "but perhaps you can tell me when he is likely to return."

"I can't definitely," he replied. "He hasn't let me know. It's seldom that he does, unless there's a special reason. Usually he just walks in."

"Will he be back to-day, do you think?"

"I hope so. . . . Yes . . . being the week-end . . . most probably."

"Where is he now?"

She glanced for a chair, and Graill, with some hesitation, placed one. He did not seem entirely at his ease.

"He is somewhere in the North," he answered vaguely. "He is moving about so quickly that there is no permanent address. Travelling, you know."

"When did you last hear from him?" she asked, sitting down.

"This morning."

"Where was he then?"

"Newcastle-on-Tyne."

"And the day before?"

"Manchester district."

"And previously?"

"In the Potteries."

She reflected, watching him in the interval with grey, steady eyes.

Graill's glance wavered under the inspection.

"Mr. Graill," she said, abruptly and clearly. "Is Mr. Selby in London?"

"No," said Graill.

There was a pause.

"He's in the North," added Graill, with a sort of angry emphasis. "I can show you his letters."

He was rising to his feet when she made a quick little gesture.

"No," she said. "Of course I don't want to see them! But it was necessary for me to ask. I—" a pause—"I also want you to tell me when Mr. Selby *was* in London."

"He was in London the latter part of last week. He came back on Monday, stayed a few hours to settle various matters, and then left the same night for Hanley. It's no uncommon thing for him to make these flying trips across the country seeing customers."

"Was he in London for the week-end?"

"Yes."

She was silent for a moment, and Graill averted his eyes once more, a trace of a flush in his cheeks.

"You have heard what is being said?" she asked at length, and quite quietly.

"I've heard," admitted Graill, in a low voice.

"They are saying that Dick has taken a girl away from her parents—to London. It is not true, of course, but can you give me any explanation of it?"

"I can only tell you what I've seen myself. Though things look black, I'm sure in my heart——"

"'*Please*, Mr. Graill . . ." she said quickly; and with heaving breast he checked himself.

"It began last Wednesday," he said, holding himself well in hand. "Minnie Wheway came in—that's the girl's name—came in about eight in the evening, a couple of hours after the workpeople had gone. She was crying, and seemed tremendously upset. Dick asked me to leave them together. She was with him about twenty minutes, and went away looking very much calmer. I don't know what they talked about; Dick said nothing about it afterwards to me. It was not until Monday——"

"Wait a moment," interposed Violet Lyons, with quiet restraint. "Has Minnie Wheway been working here?"

"Yes, for some months."

"She would know then, in the ordinary way, that Dick was working late that night—without there being, as has been suggested, a clandestine arrangement to meet?"

"Yes, we've been working late a good deal recently."

"So that, if she were worried and wished to see him, she would naturally come here to find him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"How old is she?" asked Violet Lyons, with a faint appearance of disinterest.

"Eighteen or nineteen, I should say—though she looks older."

"Is she pretty?"

"She's rather attractive; many of these girls are, you know. But Dick——"

"What happened afterwards?" asked Miss Lyons, with a return to her candid and fearless desire for the truth.

"Dick went to London on the following day on business; Minnie Wheway came to work as usual. On the Saturday morning, enclosed with his usual letter, was a sealed letter for Minnie Wheway, which I gave to her."

He went on steadily, without change of voice:

"She left that day, or, at any rate, she hasn't been to work since. It is said she caught the seven-fifteen to London. Dick came back on the Monday afternoon. He hadn't been in the office ten minutes when Joe Greenfield, Minnie's stepfather, burst in waving a lump of bar-iron and wanting to know what Dick had done with his daughter. He was fairly mad, and no mistake about it! It appeared that someone had seen Dick meet her at Paddington—on that very seven-fifteen train—and had written up, with the customary impartiality of gossips, to communicate the fact.

"You can guess—even if you've never seen—Dick's coolness in a row. He sat back in his chair and he listened quite abstractedly to all that Greenfield had to say. Then he replied bluntly that he *had* taken the girl away and that whatever had become of her she could not be worse off than she had been before. He accused Greenfield of gross and barbarous cruelty.

"'You'll tell me where she is,' roared Greenfield, brandishing the iron above his head, "or I'll brain you where you sit!'

"'I shall tell you nothing,' said Dick, looking back at him with supreme indifference.

"Greenfield glared at him for a bit, and then lowered his arm. He blustered all the louder for being cowed by Selby's look.

"'I'll have the law on you,' he shouted. 'I'll have you hounded out of the town. You sha'n't run away with my daughter and not suffer for it,'—and so on.

"Dick sat forward and began to do some work.

"'I'll fetch the police and have you arrested for abduction,' said Greenfield, making for the door.

"'Right-ho,' said Dick.

"Greenfield turned round, then suddenly his jaw set hard and he sat down, declining to shift till Dick told him where the girl was to be found.

"Dick looked at him and took up the telephone.

"'Send a couple of constables round here to me—Richard Selby—at once,' he said curtly. 'There's a man in my office making himself a nuisance.'

"Greenfield got up a minute after that and cleared. His last threat was to spread Richard's character all over the town and district—and it seems he's been busily doing it. The whole place is ringing with the story—elaborated, of course—and what makes me infernally savage is that Dick's not here to face it!"

He ended by rising, his fists involuntarily clenched.

"Have you not written to him?" asked Violet Lyons, with patient directness.

"I have on business matters; but I didn't know how to broach this. He said nothing about the subject when Greenfield cleared out, and there was a look on his face which told me he would resent any questions."

He took a sharp turn up and down the office, head bent, brows corrugated.

"I can't understand it," he said, through his teeth. "I—can't—understand—it."

"What can't you understand?" said Richard Selby, entering on the final words.

He stopped still on seeing Violet Lyons, and, removing his hat, stared at her for a moment, and then suddenly advanced.

"Didn't know you were here," he said. "How are you?"

"Quite well," she answered, surrendering her hand and leaving it passive in his clasp as he smiled down at her.

"What was the point of difficulty?" said Richard. "You certainly seem intensely serious over it—both of you!"

"I'll leave Miss Lyons to tell you," said Graill, summoning up tact rather tactlessly. "I've got something to see to in the works."

He made a hurried and clumsy exit.

"There's something on his mind," said Richard, with a humorous inflection. "And I've got a feeling that the same might be said of you. Confess, now! you were talking about me, and saying nothing to my credit."

"I'm in no mood to laugh, Dick," she answered him, simply. "I want you to tell me about this girl Minnie Wheway."

He met the straight, steady gaze, and sobered down, abruptly grave.

"I meant to write to you," he said. "I *ought* to have written to you . . . but it was difficult to say what I wanted to in a letter. I thought I had better wait till we could talk."

She was silent for so long an interval that he stirred restlessly in his chair.

"What's the matter?" he said, at length. "Did you take that girl away, Dick?" she asked him.

"Yes, I took her away," he said. "How do you know of it?"

"The whole town knows of it . . . Why did you do it?"

"She has been badly treated. Greenfield, her stepfather, is a brute. There are several children on his side; she is the only child of her mother's first marriage. The stepbrothers subjected her to treatment that no girl with a spark of spirit could submit to. Her mother is afraid to interfere. There were worse dangers . . . that I can't speak of to you. She came to me last Wednesday asking me if I would help her to get out of Moulden. She wanted another job, and she wanted enough money to start on. They've been in the habit of collaring every cent she earned at the works.

"It was a bad case. She showed me . . . I was sorry for her, dear."

The look of anxiety faded from her face, but she made no move to interrupt him. She understood Richard Selby, and what was the talk of all Moulden against his word?

He went on quietly:

"I asked her what her ideas were, and she said 'service'—anywhere where she could get away from her family and be independent of them. I promised I would do what I could, and a friend of mine in London telephoned to his wife about her, and they undertook to engage her as a housemaid on the strength of my recommendation.

"That's all, Violet—except that I sent up her fare and instructions *viâ* Graill, in case her stepfather should get hold of the letter—and Greenfield got to know and came round and attempted to bounce me."

"Why didn't you tell him the truth?"

"I would have done if he had had the patience to listen; but all he wanted to know was where she was, and that was the one vital item of information I had promised to withhold. He is terrified that he would hunt her out if he knew. But he sha'n't know; I succeeded in convincing her of that."

They gazed at each other—these two; and in Richard's eyes was the anxious expression that once had been in Violet's.

"I am sorry it has caused tittle-tattle," he said rather haltingly. "Not altogether for my own sake, but because it involves you. It was an indiscreet thing to do, but I could see any other course, and"—with a short laugh—"I suppose I should act the same under similar circumstances again."

"You're an old silly, Dick," said Violet curtly, flatly. "I intended to be awfully angry with you, but I don't see how I can very well be so. Hadn't you thought, in the beginning, that it might affect me?"

"Not a thought," said Richard.

"What about the legal part of it? I don't know—but couldn't you get into trouble over it?"

"Bless you, I didn't run away with her. A girl over eighteen can please herself where she goes—and all she wanted was a little money and a helping hand over the first stile. I know I'm an idiot," he admitted, lamely. "But these women are having a rough time of it."

She put her hands into his.

"Don't say any more," she said, laughing. "I know you what that girl will do after the week is safely over. She'll write to Richer—and her stepfather will think he's well rid of her."

"And you don't mind the scandal?" said Richard.

"I do," she corrected him. "But what woman has not to put up with *something* in connection with a man?"

"We'll live it down," said Richard, confidently. "Let the cacklers cackle, so long as you . . ."

The rest of the conversation was unimportant.

Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

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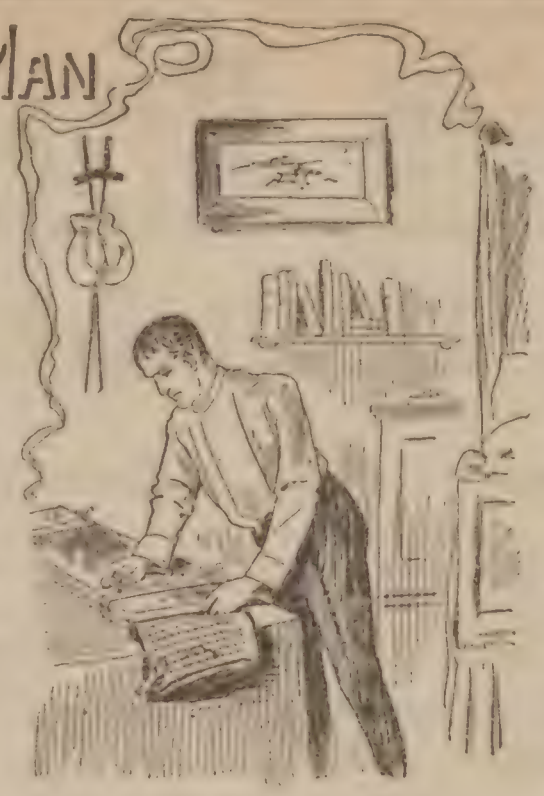
The Outer Man



A WEEKLY FEATURE,

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOOT-LACE THICKNESS.

Here is a little tip which should be remembered when next you buy a pair of leather bootlaces.

These laces are, of course, cut from a strip of leather, and they vary in thickness according to the thickness of the leather. The two laces of a pair usually vary in the same manner, as they come off the same piece.

The thing to look out for is that the laces shall be of approximately the same thickness at both ends. Frequently you find a bootlace thick at one end, and very thin at the other. Where this is the case, the knot when you tie it up, is very insecure, as the thin end seems to have a special facility for slipping out of the loops of the thicker end.

LENGTH OF SHIRT SLEEVES.

If you observe the shirt cuffs of an actor on the stage, you will note that they project just the right amount below the sleeve of his coat, and are visible without being conspicuous.

But if the average man allowed as much of his cuffs to be unprotected, they would be far from clean at the end of a day's work, and it is not every man who can afford a clean shirt even every day.

You do not want to have the cuffs of your shirt projecting an inch or so beyond the sleeve of your jacket, but neither do you want the shirt to stop short somewhere about the middle of your forearm, for if the wrist is left bare in this manner, it seems to have a very naked appearance.

The ideal is, of course, that your shirt cuff or wristband should come exactly flush with the end of your coat sleeve, especially if you have much writing to do.

Those who have their shirts specially made for them can, of course, easily arrange for this, but as the majority of men buy shirts ready-made, it is advisable before completing the purchase to measure the sleeve of the shirt along the sleeve of your jacket. This can be done very easily, and you will then be certain that it is sufficiently long.

It is better to have the shirt sleeve too long than too short. In the latter case it is very difficult and troublesome to get it lengthened, but where the shirt sleeve is rather long it can easily be set right by wearing a thin elastic band just above the elbow, which will keep the sleeve in whatever position you may desire.

A BOOT-REPAIRING TIP.

There are many men who are so precise regarding their clothes that they will not wear boots that show any visible signs of having been repaired. They will not, for example, have their boots retoed in the ordinary way with the existence of the patch shown by a line of small nails across the point of the sole. To such fastidious people the following hint should be very welcome, and it may also be of some service to the average man.

If you are what bootmakers call "a fair heel-and-toe walker"—that is to say, if the joint of your foot is supple, and you walk more in the natural way of a savage than in the somewhat flat-footed manner adopted by most people—you will find that the toes and heels of your boots wear out much more quickly than the rest of the soles.

Have your boots sent to the repairer's before the outside layer of the sole is actually worn through. This layer is usually of fair thickness, and, although the toes of your boots may seem to have worn very thin, there will still be some of this layer left. The skilful cobbler lifts this layer up, and inserts his patch under it thus restoring the pristine thickness of the sole at the toe, and making it look exactly as it did when first bought.

There will be no evidence of the repair except a tack here and there keeping the patch in place.

A good cobbler can often build up worn heels in much the same manner.

SWEAT.

Long before a jacket is worn out the lining at the armpits begins to give way, owing to the destructive effect of the perspiration, which seems to be more plentiful in this part of the anatomy than anywhere else.

When the lining becomes frayed, it is of no use to have the edges simply sewn together, for that pulls up the lining and spoils the set of the sleeve.

The right thing to do is to have the worn place properly patched. As it is never seen by anyone but yourself, it does not matter whether the patch exactly matches the rest of the lining or not, but to have the repair properly done will add to your comfort.

Very often the trouble is caused by the coat having been made too tight-fitting under the arms in the first instance.

It is fatal to pass a coat that feels uncomfortable about the shoulders when trying it on, just because the tailor informs you that it will become easier with wear. The result is bound to be unsatisfactory and the lining is pretty sure to get worn away as I have mentioned.

SLEEVE-LINKS AND SOFT SHIRTS.

Here is a little hint which may save you [illegible] and disappointment. It is to avoid putting [illegible] of any value into shirts with soft cuffs.

The soft shirt with double cuffs is now [illegible] deservedly popular. These cuffs are fixed in [illegible] cisely the same way as you fix a pair of [illegible] cuffs, and one is apt to put into them the ordinary gold sleeve-links that one is in the habit of wearing. It must be remembered, however, that these soft buttonholes give much more easily than do the stiff starched linen buttonholes, and the links are very liable to drop out.

Hence I advise you to use for soft shirts only cheap mother-of-pearl sleeve-links. As a matter of fact, sleeve links of this description look quite well in any sort of shirt.

MOTHS AND CLOTHES.

One of the most provoking things that can happen to a man in connection with his clothes is to find when he turns out a favourite old suit that it has been riddled by moths.

Many remedies have been suggested to prevent the ravages of moths, and various preparations are sold by chemists for that purpose. They smell most unpleasantly, and they give a very objectionable odour to the clothes, but I doubt very much whether they keep away the moths.

Those who have faith in such means of prevention will find that small blocks of camphor put in the corners of drawers and wardrobes will be as effective and not so unpleasant in odour.

It is also well to pack sheets of brown paper, or of printed newspaper, between clothes that are to be stored away for any length of time. There is something in the composition of brown paper, or something in the ink of newspapers, that helps to keep away moths.

All these precautions, however, may prove [illegible] and they should never be entirely relied [illegible] The great secret is to see that the clothes [illegible]

Let us keep you smart.

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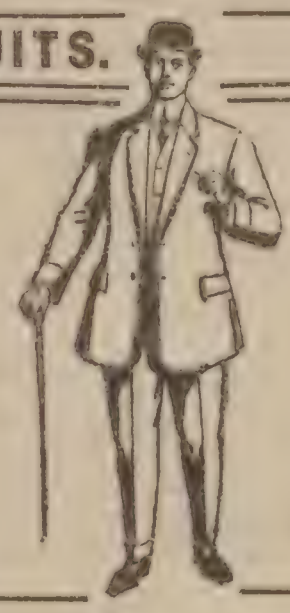

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C. & G. McKINLEY (Tailoring Dept.), 7, Gresham St., London, E.C.

thoroughly clean and free from dust before they are put away, for moths have a distinct preference for dirty clothes.

Care should also be taken that drawers are properly closed, and that wardrobe and cupboard doors are kept shut, in order to prevent moths from getting in.

The danger chiefly concerns those clothes which you only wear occasionally and keep stored away. These you should turn out and thoroughly beat at least once a month.

SPUR-MARKS ON BOOTS.

A reader who has recently joined a Yeomanry corps, and has been doing a good deal of riding ately, asks me for a method of restoring the colour of brown boots which have become blackened in places by friction with the stirrup-irons and spurs.

If the marks are not very pronounced, a good scrubbing with soap and warm water and an old nailbrush will probably remove them. Saddle-soap should be used for preference.

This will darken the colour of the boots, but so long as this is done uniformly, no harm is done.

If soap and water fails, a little benzine applied with a piece of flannel or a duster may prove more efficacious.

Saddle-soap has a wonderful effect in preserving and suppling the leather of the boots, and it is advisable to use it occasionally on riding boots, whether they require cleaning or not.

Even if the marks cannot be removed, it is sufficiently obvious how they are caused, and one need not be ashamed of wearing boots marked in this way.

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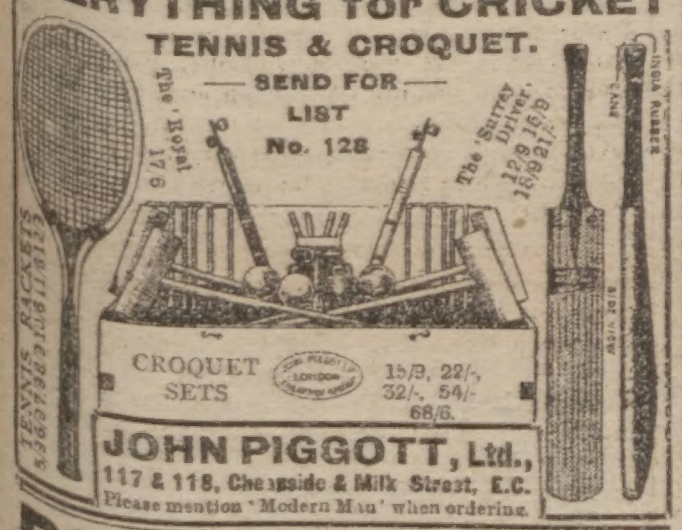

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WASHING CHAMOIS-LEATHER GLOVES.

A week or two ago I referred to the advisability of washing chamois-leather gloves at home.

My own method was to put the gloves on and wash them on my hands, but as a reader has pointed out to me, this is more likely to result in damage to the seams of the gloves, when they are wet and pliable, than the method he suggests, which I have pleasure in reproducing below.

I have tried this plan and find it a distinct improvement, so I can recommend it to those readers who are in the habit of wearing light gloves of this kind.

Get a basin of warm water, and make a good lather by rubbing your hands together as if you were washing them, using plenty of soap, afterwards adding a little ammonia to the water—about a teaspoonful to each quart.

Then put the gloves in the soapy water, leaving them to soak for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time squeeze them well, but never on any account wring them dry.

Rinse in clear warm water, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, press them in a towel, and then pull them gently into shape.

Dry them near an open window, but never put the gloves near a fire, for quick drying makes the leather hard.

LONDON LEAGUERS.

We print below a further list of members of The Modern Man *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. A supplementary list, containing all necessary corrections and additions, will be published later. A form of application for membership, giving particulars of the badges issued to members, will be found on another page.*

LONDON *(continued).*

Enfield.
R. E. ACRES, 13, Silver Street.
H. BESBURY, 95, Chase Side.
J. E. NICOLLS, 3, Edith Cottages, Bush Hill Park.
H. MARTIN, 15, Canonbury Road, Baker Street.

Enfield Wash.
W. G. BASINGER, Leonard Villa, Uckfield Road.
H. BEADMAN, Ordnance Terrace.
R. A. GILES, Cavendish Villas.

Euston.
W. J. BARBER, 141, Euston Road.
W. G. CROCKER, 203, Seymour Street, Euston Square.
J. G. GIBSON, 106, Euston Road.
J. F. HAMMETT, 141, Euston Road.
H. E. HENWOOD, 17, Euston Square.

Finchley.
H. AVIS, Railway Hotel, Church End.
P. CHITTY, Railway Hotel, Church End.
H. N. GIBBS, "Ove dale," Mountfield Road.
S. SHEWRY, Elmsdale Grove.

Finsbury Park.
C. A. L. BURMEISTER, 139, Queen's Road.
M. HEINE, 56, Finsbury Park Road.
H. V. HURLOCK, 47, Oxford Road.
M. J. NEWMAN, 107, Finsbury Park Road.
F. W. SELF, 11, Woodstock Road.
G. C. STORKEY, 132, Wilberforce Road.
A. H. SYKES, 163, St. Thomas Road.

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A. H. BRADY, 8, Cranmer Road.
C. J. BULLOCK, 173, Shrewsbury Road.
T. H. V. CARPENTER, 23, Khedive Road.
H. F. CARTER, 76, Windsor Road.
H. L. CLARK, 135, Osborne Road.
J. CRAWLEY, 72, Windsor Road.
H. W. E. DAYNES, 30, Field Road.
E. S. FOAKES, 10, Beauchamp Road.
A. J. HARDY, 144, Hampton Road.
H. H. HARGRAVE, 4, St. George's Square.
S. JESSOP, 31, Sebert Road.
E. J. KAVANAGH, 124, Whyteville Road.
W. G. KING, 109, Hampton Road.
C. McADAM, 52, Avenue Road.
H. MORRIS, 17, Warwick Road,
H. S. OLIVER, 16, Dunbar Road.
H. A. PIKE, 131, Grosvenor Road.
F. A. RICH, 26, Gower Road.
W. G. SHILLING, 151, Osborne Road.
S. E. WILLES, 65, Birchdale Road.
D. B. WILSON, 136, Claremont Road.

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A. H. FROST 5, Dalmain Road.
H. H. MITCHELL, 22, Fermor Road, Stanstead Road.
S. C. NORRINGTON, 15, Church Road.
L. W. G. WARD, 6, Church Road.

Fulham.
R. L. ANTROBUS. 5, Clancarty Road.
B. S. BLAKE, 13, St. Maur Road.
P. BOWMAN, 64, Marville Road.
W. R. BUSBY, 651, Fulham Road.
F. CHANCE, 98a, Langthorne Street.
W. G. CHANCE, 98a, Langthorne Street.
F. CLARKE, care of Home and Colonial Stores, 97, Wandsworth Road.
P. V. COLEMAN, 54, Ringmer Avenue.

Fulham *(continued).*
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G. HOCKLEY, 108, Sherbrooke Road.
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R. ROBINSON, 2, Reporton Road.
S. ROSE, 635, King's Road.
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C. H. WALTHER, 151, Hurlingham Road.

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E. R. JOHNSON, 12, Broomhill Road.
K. T. MACKIE, 50, Castleton Road.

Gospel Oak.
E. S. FOXALL, 63, Mansfield Road.

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S. G. JACKSON, Station House, Greenwich Station S.E. and C.Ry.
J. JENNER, 14, Trafalgar Grove, Trafalgar Road.
G. MITCHELL, 60, Blackheath Road.
A. F. RIDLEY, 10, Trafalgar Road.
H. M. RUSSELL, 37, Commercial Street, Pelton Road.

Gunnersbury.
S. H. GOURD, 6, Thorney Hedge Road.
W. H. HOPKINS, 73, Oxford Road.

Hackney.
H. BEALE, 90, Victoria Park Road.
J. BLACKAFTER, 6, Essex Place, Hackney Road.
W. A. CLODE, 38, Amherst Road.
A. G. COLEMAN, 117, Dalston Lane.
L. ERAS, 37, Wick Road.
A. W. HUMPHREYS 50, Bentham Road.
F. LEROY, 53, Groombridge Road.
W. MORTON, 11, Brunswick Square, Hackney Road.
E. WALBOURNE, 6, Essex Place, Hackney Road.
W. WALBOURNE, 6, Essex Place, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.
H. V. ADAMS, 36, Iffley Road.
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A moustache betokens manliness **Pendun's Moustache Pomade** forces one at any age like magic. **BOYISH FACES BECOME HANDSOME.** **FREE** In order that readers may test this **Wonderful Moustache Grower** a week's Full Supply will be sent in plain wrapper by return to any address FREE. Simply send three penny stamps to defray postage, &c. Send now to . . .
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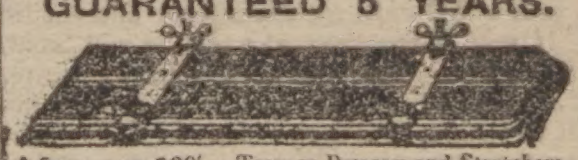

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. D. BLACKMAN, 21, Doods Road, Reigate, desires to correspond with readers engaged on Canadian railways, and especially with signalmen.

E. O. (Mold).—Your local post-office will supply you with full particulars as to service in the Navy.

F. B. (Leicester).—If you cannot afford to have many new clothes, have a navy blue lounge suit. It will be suitable for wearing on almost every occasion.

R. R. (Walton).—It is rather late in the season to pick up a cheap boat, but you might be able to get one at a low figure by advertising your requirements.

C. H. L. (Chester).—The duties of a best man are numerous and varied. Get hold of a pal who has acted in that capacity. He will be able to give you many valuable hints.

G. A. (Inverness).—Stick to your job. Many men in your line are out of work in London.

K. R. D. (Dublin).—Certainly we welcome you most heartily to the League. Some of our most enthusiastic members are physically debarred from taking part in active sport.

J. S. (Worthing).—Probably the type of watch-guard you describe was an ordinary riding-bridle lipstrap. A lipstrap is excellent for this purpose, and it looks well. The cost is about a shilling. Get a rounded one.

F. McB. (Dundee).—We advise you to borrow the necessary amount from a friend locally. Far better do this than borrow the money from a money-lender.

A. M. (Bristol).—Take the dog to a vet. Better let him keep it for a couple of weeks. Mange is very difficult to cure.

A. G. H. (Dulwich).—We understand that the Colonial Police Forces are not at present recruiting in this country. For particulars of admission to the Metropolitan Police Force you should apply to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, S.W.

P. T. H. (Northampton).—Rub the muscles after exercise.

F. C. S. (Nottingham).—The matter you mention is one which calls for the advice of a medical man. If you consult him at once, he will be able to save you much pain and trouble in the future.

W. D. (Muswell Hill).—These posts are most difficult to obtain. For particulars as to vacancies, write to the secretary at the War Office, Whitehall, S.W. Your application must be backed by influence.

E. W. S. (S. India).—Much obliged. We should have been happy to write to you if we had been able to decipher your name and address. We wish you luck all the same.

R. P. (Anderton).—The actual family name of the Misses Zena and Phyllis Dare is, we believe, Dones. It is quite usual for actors and actresses to take a stage name.

A. G. H. (Nottingham).—As you will doubtless have seen from the newspapers your wishes have been fulfilled. We thank you for them.

J. McN. (Ellesmere Port).—If the proprietor of the motor-car will not give you compensation for killing your dog, it will probably be necessary for you to place the matter in the hands of a solicitor, and the cost of such proceeding would probably be greater than any damages that might be awarded to you, as the sum at stake could not be a very large one.

T. R. (Manchester).—Probably the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W., could supply you with the information you desire.

E. D. A. (Glasgow).—You should certainly consult your doctor. The remedy which you are in the habit of taking may be quite unsuited to your case.

R. R. (Catford).—You will find examples of the usual printers' marks in any good encyclopædia, but it would be better for you to ask some journalist or printer to explain these marks to you. They are by no means difficult to understand, and you can readily acquire the necessary proficiency in using them.

D. S. (Thurso), **K. W.** (Emsworth), **E. W. L.** (Gillingham), **W. B.** (Brighton), **P. F.** (Sunderland), **E. S. B.** (Forres), **A. C. G.** (Forest Gate), **W. B.** (Battersea), **R. G. H.** (Sheerness), **T. F.** (Durham), **A. C.** (Glasgow), **G. E. R.** (Belfast), **H. M. A.** (Calais), **F. T.** (Dundee), **S. D.** (Sheffield).—We thank you.

THE SPORTING TIMES

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THE TURKISH BATH MAN TALKS

TO WOULD-BE ROCKEFELLERS.

Wherever I go—and I get about freely—I hear people talking about investments. Rich, or thrifty poor, they want a place where they can put their sovereigns so that they can be fruitful and multiply.

It is not for me to comment on the modern man's hunger for a golden dividend. It is very human, but I am not so sure that the modern craze for investment leads to happiness.

One year it is gold mines; another year we go rubber mad. Later we lubricate our finances by wild investments in oil shares.

Some find investment a Tom Tiddler's ground—and some don't.

The other day a bank smashed, and how many investments turned to ruined hopes.

To-day we read of the suicide of a man caught in the rubber boom. Some people invest their money, and put it in a safe place. When they go back the money is still there, only there is much more of it. Others—the many—put their money in unsafe places, and when they return for it their gold has vanished. All they have for their shining sovereigns is a heap of useless paper.

By the way, I am in the investment line. I sell Hygiene for the million, and I pay regular dividends—cheques drawn on the Bank of Health. If you want a safe place for a little of your money, send it to me. You will not need to come for your dividend. It will follow you about in the form of an ever-present consciousness of radiant health. You send me 30s., and I will send you my share certificate entitling you to draw on the Bank of Health. My share certificate is the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet, the best investment a man or woman can make.

Here are a few lines from one of my gratified shareholders out of this week's post:

I have had good results from my bath. I had Rheumatism in a bad state. I could not walk without great pain. I only used your bath about three weeks, and now I am flying all over the town. I was also covered with Eczema from head to foot. This has been in me for seven years. I have spent money in bundles trying to cure it, and everything failed. I bought your bath to cure the Rheumatism, and it cured the Eczema at the same time.

I do not need to hide from my Shareholders when the question of dividends comes up.

For the last two years I have offered my Gem Turkish Bath as a certain cure for Rheumatism, because almost every other man or woman I meet suffers more or less from Rheumatism or the twin devils of the same name—Sciatica and Lumbago.

It must not be supposed that the value of the Bath Cabinet is limited to the elimination of uric acid. It is equally good in the treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, and Lung Troubles.

I have also had grateful testimony from people who have suffered excruciating pains through Liver and Kidney troubles, gall stones, and skin diseases. For the treatment of skin diseases alone, an investment in the Gem Turkish Bath is the best a man or woman can make. I have known obstinate cases cured by my bath in four weeks, and the patients have been cured permanently.

Now, the point for you is—are you going to possess a bath, and draw big drafts on the Bank of Health? Or are you going to be one of those men and women who hear of a good investment, and when it is too late to put their money into it, spend their lives regretting lost opportunities?

I can give proof of the value of a Gem Turkish Bath to you, and of the value it will give you in better health if you are in health; or more physical and mental joy in life, if you are well. I am always giving proof.

And the best proof I know is to offer you, in your own home, a trial of the bath itself—so that you may see whether it does for you what it has done for thousands of people.

You can make the trial in this way. Send me a money order for 30s. Make it payable ten days hence. By return I will send you a bath, which will be despatched on receipt of your instructions. You try it for seven days in your own home. If, after trial, you do not think it has already given you a draft on the Bank of Health, pack it up and send it back. Directly I get the bath back I return your money. I do not haggle or make excuses—I send your money back. At least let me send you my 100-page book on Thermal Bathing. It is sent post free.

Address all communications to my company, The Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. (Desk 18), 224, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Three new 30s. tweed suits, accept 18s. 11d. each, approval; exchange watch or something useful.—Jackson, 6, Dyke Road, Brighton.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Territorial boots, best quality, guaranteed all leather, black or tan, 7s. 11d.—Foote, 301, Sumner Road, Peckham.

Dark jacket suit, chest 39in., arm 19in., inside leg 29in.; overcoat, same size; pair lace, size eights; the lot 25s., worth 50s. Exchange.—Box 4432, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Blue-black waterproof coat for man 6ft., 15s., cost £3 17s.; boy scout's outfit, 5s.—Box 4433, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dark green lounge suit with fancy vest, 16s.; grey winter overcoat, 9s.; "Raynrezysta" overcoat (grey, new), 12s. 6d.; brown brogue shoes (8), 5s. Owner 5ft. 8in., chest 36in.—Box 4434, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair gentleman's black stiff leg riding boots, size small nines, by Craig and Davies, Woolwich, real handsewn, excellent condition; 18s., bargain.—Box 4436, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's evening dress-suit, chest 38in., inside leg 31in.; genuine bargain; also morning coat and vest, same size, £1, or nearest offer; dress-suit, £2 2s., or nearest offer.—Box 4437, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Racing Intelligence. Gentleman receiving exclusive information would share same. Excellent references.—"Cantango," care of Pool's Advertising Offices, 90, Fleet Street, E.C.

For sale, new cycle, not ridden 30 miles, cost £8 10s., accept £6 10s., or near offer for cash.—Particulars, Box 4430, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

How to make money by following horses during flat racing season.—Address, only by correspondence (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed), "Lilywhite," care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Wanted, folding bagatelle board (must be good), exchange combination rifle, cost 50s.—Box 4405, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's Rudge-Whitworth bicycle, good condition; £2.—Box 4411, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Polished fly fishing rod, 2 tops, and brass reel, cost 21s.; 12in. basket and strap, cost 5s. 6d.; book of flies, good condition. Take 14s. the lot.—Box 4438, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, half size, 5ft. by 3ft., solid oak, and frame on turned legs, facsimile to a full size, good condition, all accessories included; accept £10.—Box 4439, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain. Gentleman's cycle, 2-speed, roller brakes, good running order; 35s.—Box 4441, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, colonial type saddle, medium size, bridle, all accessories, for narrow-backed horses; also leather cabin trunk or portmanteau, full size, extra strong; both must be best quality and condition.—Box 4440, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, small pleasure boat, must be light, with accessories.—Box 4406, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Strong back geared bench lathe, for power or treadle, 4½in. centre, 3ft. 6in. iron bed, nearly new. Price £3 10s.—Box 4442, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, field glasses, Goerz or Zeis preferred.—Box 4443, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's grips, 8s.; volumes 1 to 12 "Sandow's Magazine," volumes 1, 2, and 5 to 10 bound, remainder unbound, 30s.; Nansen's "Farthest North," 2 vols., 5s.; "Hobbies" postcard hand camera, good condition, 17s. 6d.—Box 4445, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a punching ball, on a stand.—Box 4444, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Splendid half-plate camera, 3 dark slides, 2 lenses, sundry accessories, good value; £5. Approval.—Box 4445, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New Kodak Daylight Developer, 18s. 6d., cost 33s.—Box 4446, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, camera, ½ plate, hand or stand, R. R. lens, 3 double dark slides, perfect condition; sacrifice 35s.—Box 4447, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Butcher's ¼-plate folding camera, six dark slides, splendid condition; grow-tall apparatus, with course, cost £3 3s., accept 35s., or best offer; exchange for phonograph.—Box 4448, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Exceptional offer, 5/4 magazine hand or stand focusing camera, covered black morocco; also leather case, and other accessories; cost 5gs., sell 45s.—Box 4449, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

Young Man, age 22, requires situation; used to driving and doing round, or would work in any other suitable capacity, in town or country.—W. R., 42, Vespan Road, Shepherd's Bush.

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"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

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